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LETTER TO YOUNG WIVES.

Number Six.

MY DEAR LADIES:—As I take up my pen to write, what will perhaps, be the best of my series of letters to you, my first impulse is to look up to my heavenly Father, and ask His guidance, that I may pen such thoughts, and such only as will be for your good and His glory. I would rather, much rather, that this hand were cold and pulseless, and folded over a heart whose last throbbing had ceased, than that it should be employed in disseminating thoughts that would inflict moral injury upon the minds with which they come in contact.

Much has been said and written of late upon the question, whether it is right for a professor of religion to marry one who is not. Without attempting to enter into the merits of this controversy, it may safely be affirmed that it is exceedingly desirable that those who are united, in the closest of human relations, should sympathise with each other upon the most vital of all subjects. The religious sentiment is the most deeply seated affection of the human heart, and there can be no question that, other things being equal, the fairest prospect for happiness exists, where there is unison of views and feelings upon this subject. Nothing could grate more harshly upon refined and sensitive natures, than to hear their dearest earthly friends speak lightly of things which they regard as sacred, or even to see them indifferent to matters in which they feel the deepest concern. The will of God is revealed in consequences, and whatever course does not, upon the whole, tend to the production of human happiness, may be presumed to be contrary to His will. If we apply this test to the marriage of professing Christians with unconverted persons, a strong argument can be brought against the practice. But

whether such marriages are right or wrong, they do, in point of fact, frequently occur, and some pious wives for whom these pages are intended, may be united to husbands who care nothing for religion. This is a position of fearful responsibility for the wife. Double watchfulness is required on her part, to maintain spirituality of mind, and consistency of Christian conduct, and if she allow herself to be betrayed into worldly mindedness and inconsistency, the soul of her husband may at the last day be required at her hands. Her example may confirm him in his impenitency, by causing him to doubt the reality of the religion she professes, and thus she may be the means of sealing his final doom. A conscientious wife so situated may sometimes be in doubt as to how far she ought to conform to her husband's wishes in regard to religious matters. "We ought to obey God rather than man," is the inspired answer to every such query. The wife is commanded to be obedient to her own husband, but this obligation is limited to such requirements as are in accordance with the will of God. The wife does not surrender her right to obey the dictates of her own conscience, but she should be very careful not to make conscientious scruples a cloak for self-will. One so situated should take particular pains to make her conscience respected, by showing a disposition to conform to her husband's wishes in every thing that requires no sacrifice of principle, and to practice the Christian virtues of self-denial, meekness and forbearance, just as conscientiously as those duties which are more obvious to the eye of the world; and if he is convinced that such is her disposition, he must be a brute indeed, who would interfere with the discharge of what she conceives to be duty to God.

The closest of all human ties must be severed—the most intimate of all unions must have an end. However lovely and pleasant a married pair may have been in their lives, it rarely, almost never happens, that in their death they are not divided, almost as certainly as that they now sustain to each other the relation of husband and wife. Will the hour come, when one will be called to the world of spirits, and the other left to mourn the departure of the nearest earthly friend?

"Until you shall be separated by death." These words doubtless, formed a part of your marriage ceremony, but amid the festivities of the bridal scene, and the bright hopes that clustered round your future life, you may have failed to perceive their fearful import. But they are prophetic of a scene through which you must certainly pass. You *must* be separated by death. One will, in all probability, catch the last sigh, and witness the mortal agony of the other. It is

well to anticipate this scene so far as to avoid doing or saying any thing in the daily intercourse of domestic life, that would add a pang to the lacerated heart in the hour of separation. Let me assure you, O! wife, that you will have enough to bear in that trying hour, if you can lay your hand upon your heart, and look up to heaven and say, "I have done my duty—I have been a loving, faithful and obedient wife to the departed until we were separated by death. I have never caused a needless pang to the heart that now lies cold and pulseless before me. I have nothing with which to reproach myself." But if you cannot in all honesty and sincerity say this, how will you bear the upbraidings of self-reproach? Memory will then be active. The short-comings of previous years will be arrayed before you, with all the vividness of present reality, and condensed within the limit of a single glance. Torturing indeed will be the view, if you have thoughtlessly caused pain to the departed; or if, through indolence or selfishness you have failed to do all you might have done, to brighten his path with the sunshine of happiness. The remembrance of a single opportunity in which you might have strewn a flower in his path, or removed a thorn from it, but failed to do so, will now fill you with all the bitterness of remorse. If through the indulgence of evil passions, or the want of self-control, you have caused his tears to flow, or his heart to ache, O! how bitterly will the recollection pierce your own soul. You will not then regret any sacrifice you may have made to promote his comfort. If you have ever been kind and considerate—if you have always done full justice to his motives, and yielded to him the unquestioning trust and confiding affection of a devoted heart, your cup of sorrow will not be one of unmingled bitterness. A feeling of gratitude that you have this consciousness of faithfulness in the discharge of your duties as a wife, will sustain you in this darkest hour of your life; it will go with you into the cheerless future, and cast a gleam of light along your dreary pathway. These considerations present a strong motive for watchfulness over your present conduct. You may find it difficult now to realize the full force of this motive, as none can know what their feelings will be in view of the past, till it is too late to retrieve their errors. If there be a thought that exceeds all others in bitterness when the survivor bends over the lifeless form of a departed companion, it must be the recollection of having placed obstacles in the way of his salvation; and how circumspect should be the daily walk and conversation of the pious wife who has an unconverted husband, if she would save herself from this harrowing reflection. If she have failed

to recommend her religion to him, by the continual exhibition of that "meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," and he dies without hope. Oh! it is dreadful to think what her feelings must then be. That you may be guided by unerring wisdom into such a course of conduct as will save you from every regret in the future, is the sincere desire of your true friend.

E. M. E.

Tuskegee, Ala., Oct. 20, 1860.

NORTHERN LITERATURE.

Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
Bœotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

HOR., EPIST.; LIB., 2d.

■ A Persian king once offered a reward to the man, who could procure him a new sensation. Had that king lived in the nineteenth century, certainly his desires could have been gratified; more especially, if he were a constant reader of the "sensation" literature of the North; a literature, that we are happy to say, seems to be confined to New England, with now and then, a sporadic case in New York.

It has been said by Helper in his book, and re-echoed from every Northern pulpit, that we of the South, have no literature; that, engaged in the horrible business of making cotton by negro labor, we have no time to write books; that, were it not for the gigantic minds and colossal learning of Yankee writers, we should fall into the most deplorable state of ignorance and mental darkness; that, in short, were the fertilizing rivers of Northern literature dried up, the South would become a mental Sahara, with here and there a green Oasis in the shape of a Yankee schoolmaster.

While we freely acknowledge the sterling merit of such men as Holmes, and Hawthorne, in the lighter walks of literature; and point with pride and pleasure to Prescott, Erving, Bancroft, and Motley as historians, we do not mean to confess the claims of the host of Northern Grub street writers, who every year deluge the land with their ephemeral productions. The only claim that these writers have to be considered authors, is from the fact of their having written a book containing the usual amount of fatuity, and inanity, viz: Three hun-

dred pages of wishy washy dialogue, and weak distillations of trashy foreign novels.

Their affectation of literature is wonderful; a walking gentleman makes his appearance in them all—of whom, it is said through the whole book that he is a gentleman of the profoundest learning; that, like Goethe he is “many sided,” and like Sir William Jones he is skilled in all languages, both ancient and modern; yet this modern Crichton never opens his mouth, but to use the words of Dogberry in the play, or their synonym—“Write me down an ass.” And the young lady, she of the flowing locks, and lustrous orbs, who quotes Schiller, Jean Paul, and Beranger, in all kinds of society, and every where, except in the book, makes use of rhetoric, that, our word for it, never is heard in good society out of New England.

A popular ingredient in the cookery of these appetizing dishes, to make them “bubble, bubble,” is slavery. An accommodating Southerner is lugged into the narrative, *nolens volens*, and is made to fall desperately in love with the heroine, who will not listen to the unhappy native of a Southern clime, until he shall have gone home, and emancipated his negroes; and now comes the struggle; he very naturally refuses to liberate them; goes home, has his eyes opened by the combined influence of a saintly, sable preacher, and the charms of the “girl he left behind him”—frees the darkeys—returns to the touring, granite hills—is received with open arms—grand *tableau*, and the curtain falls on a scene of unbounded hilarity, and general philanthropy. Then too, we have the ubiquitous clerical character, whose mission on earth, seems to be the extinction of slavery, and the amelioration of all sorts of evils, in all sorts of places except his own particular parish; the inhabitants of which, he ignores, with a sublime indifference, which, no doubt is peculiarly gratifying to them, as their minister’s time is so fully occupied with the wrongs of the “down trodden slave,” that he has no chance to reprove them for their own particular, and darling sins.

You never read one of these books, that you do not find “Monsieur Tonson,” in the shape of the “saintly” young man; he who never smoked a cigar in his life; whose careful mamma instills into his youthful bosom, an utter abhorrence of those “twin relics,” of barbarism—rum and slavery. For a mother’s sweet, gentle counsels, those counsels that linger in the ear of hardened manhood; that force the tear from the eye of the guilty, blood-stained wretch, standing on the scaffold; for these, and the mother’s quiet, gentle influences, these writers seem to have no love; and indeed, we might add, no conception.

To write such books, argues a depraved taste, not at all in consonance with the aims of a sterling literature. To read such books, except from sheer curiosity, implies a want of healthy education.

We hear much said of the educated masses of New England; of her gigantic system of common schools; of the love of reading habitual to the whole people; but we record it as our deliberate opinion, based upon extensive observation, that there is more love for true, genuine literature in the South, than there is in the North. We have met many Yankees, college bred, and otherwise, and never did we meet one that could truly be called a literary man. Some fatal defect, some glaring omission in his early education, stamped him, as a literary quack; and we remember one, who is a member of one of the learned professions, and who now lives in a Southern State, ask a gentleman, in a promiscuous crowd of Southerners, if he had ever read Smollett's "Tom Jones?" On being gently reminded that Smollett did not write the book in question, he maintained stoutly, that he did, and when the company was called upon to decide the matter, he demurred to their decision, contending to the bitter end, that he was right, and that we were all wrong. We merely mention this as an instance of that overweening arrogance which thinks that Boston is the hub of the Universe, which once broken, the whole world would fall into inextricable dismay, and confusion.

There is a work called the "Wide, Wide World," which many Southern readers have been most unfortunately deluded into purchasing; pleased with the alliteration of the title, we pick up the book, and buy it, to while away the monotony of steamboat, or railway travel. We here defy any cultivated Southern man, or woman, to say that he, or she has read the book through; that is, thoroughly, like we should read one of Thackeray's, or Dickens' works. To do so, would be a simple impossibility. To dreary descriptions of sunsets, of hills, mountains, rivers, lakes, and plains, succeed dreary platitudes uttered by dreary people, until the book is thrown down in disgust, and we wonder if there be actually such scenes and such people, as the authoress has described; mingled with a dread curiosity to know a woman who can write a book, whose sole recommendation is, that it does not require any thought to read it. We speculate what manner of people those Yankees are, who so much admire the book; and who enable the authoress to retire in a few years, on a snug little fortune coined out of the "Hills of the Shattémuck," and the "Wide, Wide World." We have been puzzled more than we care to confess, about the two adjectives belonging to "World." Why the

world could be considered any wider from the fact of the iteration we cannot see; yet, Miss Warner may have concealed a deep poetic idea, under the title, on the principle of the fine old English ballads, which invariably speak of the "red, red gold," and the "deep, deep sea." If we have done her injustice about that title we here make the *amendé honorable*.

But it is contended, that while we have critics who carp at Northern literature, we have no writers who can produce anything in the book line which will bear inspection. We think it unnecessary to mention all the Southern writers of prose, or poetry, who would rank high in any literary circles; but we shall name a few, who are destined to a fadeless immortality.

Perhaps few Northern readers ever saw two works written by a Southern man; works as remarkable for their vigor of style, and purity of diction, as for their genuine humor, and genial love of all that is best, and noblest in the human heart. The works to which we refer, are "Horse Shoe Robinson," and "Swallow Barn."

What Southern reader is there who has not followed with breathless anxiety, the fortunes of the noble gentleman, and brave officer Butler—and who has not laughed at the mad pranks of the worthy Serjeant Robinson; and felt his heart thrill as he read of the self abnegation, the devoted patriotism of the unhappy Maid of the Mill—Mary Musgrove? Dr. Bird is another Southern author of whom any nation might well be proud; and we have only to mention his name to place him in the front rank of American authors. To come down to our own day, Sims takes precedence of all who write novels in America. To say that he has written all his works equally well, would be telling an untruth; for some of his works are very unworthy of him; but no American novelist can compare with him in wonderful fidelity of description, or skill in delineating character.

Marion Harland too, deserves honorable mention, in connection with the best prose writers of the South; for be it observed, we shall not mention the large number of writers who would be considered first class authors at the North; nor shall we mention the vast number of journalistic writers, who bring learning, wit, genius, and unwearied industry to the composition of the daily articles they write in their editorial capacity. We know men at the South, editors of newspapers, who can write a learned criticism on the chorus of a Greek Tragedy, in one column, and in the next, speculate upon the misapplication of the point Dagheesh, in the translation of the Old Testament; yet these men, who would be looked upon as prodigies of learning at the

North, fill their appointed stations, calmly and serenely, not looking down upon their occupation as something beneath them; but trying as they best can, to discharge their duty to their God, and their native land. All honor to such men, and may the South, in her day of fiery trial, find thousands like them, who will come up from every hill top, and valley, to vindicate their love of constitutional liberty, and hatred of oppression, let it assume what shape it may.

We have spoken incidentally, and in rather a hurried manner of the prose writers of the South; we shall now in a brief manner refer to her poets; stating what must be apparent to every reader, that it is impossible in the limited space of a magazine article, to do full justice to the subject.

It sounds strange to Northern ears to be told, that the first poetry that was ever published in Europe, written by an American, was composed in the wilds of Arkansas. Such is the sober truth, for Albert Pike, then unknown to fame, tried to get a Northern publisher to give his "Hymns to the gods," to the public; but not one could be found to appreciate their poetic fire, and classical elegance. They were sent to "Blackwood," and old Kit North if we mistake not, first gave them to an admiring world.

Amid the awful solitudes of the snow-capped mountains; looking upon Nature in the sternest, and grandest moods; wandering, out-cast, and homeless, the youthful poet sang a wild strain it is true, yet one, whose utterance rings out clear, and distinct, as the cry of a true soul seeking for Truth, and God willing, determined never to rest until it be found, and clasped to his heart forever.

If to love all things beautiful, and grand; if to revel amid the thunders, and lightnings of Nature, in her wildest, and stormiest moods; if to turn from these, and hold sweet converse with the lowliest things that God hath fashioned; if to love, and appreciate these constitutes a poet, then can Albert Pike lay his hand upon the laurel crown, as one of the divinely appointed, whose mission upon this earth never ends, but with the flight of the wheeling stars, and the cessation of the music of the spheres.

Of the many sweet ballad singers of the South, we cannot now speak; but of one we cannot forbear speaking—Thomas Dunn English. He who has not read his "Drover," and the rest of his unique ballads, can form no conception of the manly and vigorous grace of this promising young writer. To a perfect command of the English language, he unites a metrical skill in the combination of difficult metres, which we have seldom seen equalled, and never excelled.

George D. Prentice should have been mentioned among the poets of the South; but though last, he is not least. His "Song of the Dying Year," has been translated into every language whose speakers love genuine poetry. From the land of the Minnesingers, and the Nieblungen, of Gœthe, and Schiller; from the sunny France, loved of Corneille, Racine and Beranger; from Scotia's heath clad hills; and from the land of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, come his praises; can we add more? He has escaped the dread Libitina, the goddess of the grave, and shall live forever.

We have performed our task—imperfectly, we know for part of it, has been an ungracious comparison, and ever since the time of old Jack Falstaff, "comparisons are odious." We know that there is much true appreciation of literature at the South, and we know also, that there is much false vaunting at the North, of the love of her people for genuine letters. We yet have something to say, concerning the effects of Northern, and Southern authorship.

Women, in all civilized lands, are the exponents of the manners of their respective communities. Wherever the true tenets of progress have sway, there woman exercises that gentle will which so much enhances the value of all things that we are accustomed to prize. Her influence is felt in the crowded mart, in the camp, the court, the grove; and around her, as mother, wife, sister, friend, cling the fondest, and most hallowed associations of life.

Exercising as she does, this acknowledged influence, we must look to her education, her manners, and her associations to judge of a people. Judged by this standard, can our Northern sisters claim that they make their sons, their husbands, and their brothers, wiser and better? Can they say that they have encouraged them by their example to drink of the well of "English undefiled?" Let us examine.

Among the vast number of political newspapers, published at the North, there are some that are remarkable for their vigor, and enterprise. They are but little read, with the sole exception of the "New York Tribune." The "literary papers," so called, have taken their place. These, without exception, are humble imitations of the "London Illustrated News." They are *fungi* upon the great tree of literature, purchased as daily, or weekly delicacies by thousands, and tens of thousands of Northern women. From these reeking, foul hotbeds of literary corruption, they draw their mental aliment, and what wonder that "isms," of all natures whatsoever abound? *Pueri similes puellis!*

When not reading the delectable pages of the "Ledger," or some

kindred sheet, they are sighing over such novels as we have mentioned, or worse, reading sumptuously, a glaringly false translation of the licentious French novels, of whose existence, a Southern woman is as ignorant, as she is of the Hottentot language. In the puniest pages of these vile newspapers, and their congeners, the Northern novels, they learn to indulge at least, a freedom of thought, and action to which, we of the South, thanks to a better literature, are perfect strangers. In these books, embracings, kissings, and all the fond endearments that can be thought of occur on every page. Does a young gent,—a Northern expression, we believe for gentleman—part with his Dulcinea, if but for a day, we are told that he encircles her in his stalwart, manly arms, and imprints a long drawn kiss on her rosy lips. From such books the Northern woman derives her ideas of society; and into that society she carries the ethics of the impossible heroes, and heroines, with whom their detestable pages abound. A Southern woman scarcely permits her affianced lover to press her hand; and as for the liberties which her Northern sisters permit as a matter of course, the gentleman who should attempt them, would find himself stricken from her visiting list, with a celerity that would be more astonishing, than agreeable. We try to strike the golden mean with our women; neither allowing them the latitude of the North; nor confining them to the cold reverse of the French, and English.

Are we unjust in our estimate of Northern society? We appeal to those who have had every opportunity of judging, if the picture be not mildly drawn.

From the steaming common schools of the North, in which the sexes are allowed every freedom of intercourse, crowded with children of all ages, quickened into a precocious sensibility by an early and uncontrolled contact with each other; from every hamlet, with blue smoke curling in the thin winter air; from the crowded factory; from the guilty city, over which, ever hangs the red glare of God's just vengeance; from smiling corn lands, yellow with the waving harvest; and from sunny hills fragrant with the sweet wild rose, and the overpowering odor of the crab-apple blossoms, come the witnesses to prove that what we have written is true; yea, and how many would now be witnesses, but that they have looked the last upon this earth. Looked their last, when the pitying stars looked down upon them; when they withdrew from the rushing tide of Humanity, to plunge into the Black River of Death. Alas! alas! how true, let the records of the vile prints of the North tell; and when the sick-

ening details are collated, then it will be seen, that we are guilty of suppressing the truth.

But can all this be attributed to their literature? In all sincerity and candor, we believe, that either directly, or indirectly, it is to be attributed to that, and that alone. Some keen, old philosopher has said: "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." All history shows, that a people sooner, or later, assimilates itself to its literature.

Can we be accused of a narrow sectional spirit in what we have written? Candidly, we do not think so. For letters, for true, genuine literature, we have an abiding faith, and reverence, no matter under what skies it may be born; nor whose hand wielded the pen that gave the winged thoughts utterance. We bow, with almost Eastern devotion at the shrine of the gifted and great, who belong to the Republic of Letters; we try to judge each candidate for our favor, by the gentlest canons of criticism; but for the hollow shams, the intense mockeries of Northern Literature, we have no leniency of judgment; and we would that fire whips could be put into the hands of all true men to lash them from a world, they pollute by their presence, and make worse by their damnable sentimentalities.

It has been truly said that as yet, America has produced no great epic poem. When the poet arises that shall embalm in song, her rivers, lakes, mountains, falls, and peoples; that singer we prophetically believe, will be a Southern man. There is some inward spirit which tells me, that, inspired by scenery unsurpassed by any upon the globe; roused by the desire to record the legends, of the most poetical and chivalrous people that the world ever saw—the Southern—; he will weave into imperishable song the traditions of the Dark and Bloody Ground; he will sing deathless deeds of Texan heroes; he will follow the South to the ensanguined fields of Mexico; and amid the crash and jar, the thunderous intermingling of contending hosts, he will sing in triumphant strain, the deeds of Southern men; then descending, he will paint the homes; record the thousand legends of the hallowed home life of the Southern people:

——— Fave nascenti puero ———

——— Casta Diva,

Yea, the grandest epic that the world has ever seen. For not only, amid its harmonious numbers will be heard ringing the stern clash of arms, but the gentle music of the million influences of Life, where arms do not come, and have no sway. Liberty too, worthy of an

epic herself, shall be sung; how she was born on the soil of America, and rocked to sleep, by the murmuring of the pines, and the everlasting anthems of the grand old woods; how from an infant whose feeble wail could scarce make an echo in the surrounding solitudes, she now walks the earth a goddess, and shakes it by her tread.

Imagination must stop short of the reality, in thinking on such a grand subject; for who can describe the thousand tuneful utterances that will be embodied in a work like that we have mentioned. May our prophecy prove true, and may a Southern man indeed wreath his brow with the unfading laurels of the first, great American epic.

We have done. In what we have written, if the reader has not perceived our aim, then we must be wonderfully obscure in our mode of addressing him. For we had no other aim than to show that the mighty South, and gigantic West, twin sisters, had a purer, a more natural, and more original literature, than can be found in as young nations on the globe, all things else being equal. True, that literature sometimes laughs at restraints, but it is wholesome; drawn from deep, pure springs, and undefiled by shams, mockeries, or any false thing whatever. It is like the mighty rivers of both SECTIONS, deep, full, strong;—like their PRAIRIES, wide, extended, and carpeted with eternal verdure, and flowers. To omit the authors we have mentioned, we would rather be the author of one genuine, strong, hearty book like "Capt. Simon Suggs," or "Georgia Scenes," than to be saddled with the unenviable notoriety of having written all the books "compoged" by all the peripatetic Yankees, who now constitute the shining lights of Northern Literature.

ST. CLAIR.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

AH! now I feel that on me steal,
The icy fingers of cold death;
But though so near, I have no fear,
For calm, I yield my fleeting breath.

Whilst on the verge of that great surge,
Which wafts us from the shores of time,
I fear no ill, for Jesus will
My Pilot be to His bright clime.

My Savior God is now my Rod,
Most precious in this *valley dark*;
On that I lean and feel serene,
Whilst waning is life's feeble spark.

My staff is He that 'lone can be
A *stay*, when earthly hopes all fail;
A comfort true to cheer us through,
The shadows brooding o'er death's vale.

Celestial light beams on my sight,
And dissipates the gathering gloom;
The strains I hear from Angels near,
Are holy marches to the tomb.

Oh! can this be the dread decree,
That went forth 'gainst all human kind?
Death, where's thy sting? Thou art not "king
Of terrors" to the Christian mind.

Kind friends, prepare: let not the glare,
Of earthly toys illude the heart;
Oh! seek the Lord, obey His word,
And we shall meet no more to part.

Memphis, Nov., 1860.

H. B. F.

LINES.

The Summer's past when the golden sheaves,
By the reaper's hand were bound;
And the Autumn scatters the withered leaves,
With prodigal hand around;
And the sweet flowers have faded and died,
And lie on the cold damp ground.

November clouds will weep where they lie,
Their tears for the forms so fair;
And many a wailing blast go by,
And sigh through the branches bare;
Like the sad moan of a broken heart,
Or the howlings of despair.

The Winter bleak with her heaps of snow,
And treasures of ice and sleet;
Shall weave for the dead who sleep below,
A shroud and a winding sheet;
And the rattling hail and chilling rain,
On their silent graves will beat.

But we know that Spring will come again,
When Winter is o'er and past;
And verdure will clothe each hill and plain,
And not fear the icy blast;
And the unchained streams and birds will sing,
And the flowers bloom at last.

And thus as the Autumn's sweeping breath,
Hath scattered the Summer's bloom;
The ruthless hand of the tyrant, Death,
Will consign us to the tomb;
And we shall be like the leaves and flowers,
Laid within its murky gloom.

We shall be gathered with sighs and tears,
To our long and dreamless sleep;

While our brother worm through fleeting years,
Its noiseless vigil will keep;
And the eyes that mourned us will grow bright,
And forget for us to weep.

We know when the resurrection morn,
Shall dispel death's gloomy night;
As the beauteous flowers in spring are born,
Or the grass springs into sight;
We shall arise from the opening ground,
And be clothed in robes of light.

We know it yea, and fear not to trust,
Our frail bodies in the grave,
For CHRIST will gather our scattered dust,
And the smallest part will save;
We shall be raised in HIS likeness too,
And eternal life shall have.

JENNIE S.

ELLEN'S INHERITANCE.

Chapter Seventeen.

ELLEN arose early next morning, and when Magnolia entered her little room, she found her already dressed and awaiting her.

"I am glad to see you looking so much refreshed," said Magnolia, smiling. "I thought I would come, and, if you were up, ask you to sit with me in the other room while I prepare breakfast."

"Certainly," replied Ellen, "I wish I knew how to get on as you do, Maggie. Did you ever see the thing you could not do?"

"Yes, half-a-dozen," answered Magnolia. "But," she continued, as they sat together when the repast was ready, "while mother is taking her morning nap, we will discuss our plans for the future. You see, Ellen, I am necessarily away from home all day, and in the mean time mother is by herself. This, you may well think, is a source of trouble to me, and this is now happily removed; but, while I am entirely satisfied that my poor ailing mother could not have a better or

more tender nurse than you, Ellen, I must warn you not to heed her fretful temper, or imaginary troubles. Be gentle and steady with her, and you need not feel at all concerned about managing your charge."

"I do not fear in the least that I cannot please you as a nurse, Magnolia," replied Ellen, smiling, "if I have a talent for any one thing above another, it is an aptness in knowing the caprices of an invalid."

"This will not last much longer, Ellen. At the end of the present session for which I am engaged as music-teacher in Mrs. Litchfield's Seminary, I am going into the country. I have obtained a situation in a village school; and in this village there resides an old maid, a valued friend of my mother's, who has repeatedly offered me a home with her. Rockbridge is the euphonious name of the little handful of houses which I have dignified by the title of village. It is a very healthy place, and thus I will be at liberty to spend much of my time in attending upon my sick mother. And you, dear Ellen, need country air and exercise, together with total freedom from restraint, to bring strength to this bending form, and health to your too bright eyes. Ah! little Ellen, I was born in the country, and no other life is suited to me."

Ellen proved herself a most tender and skillful nurse, so that Magnolia was well contented and thankful to leave her mother in the care of her gentle friend. Things went on thus for several weeks after Ellen came to reside with Magnolia; the latter going each day to her school, and the former remaining to take care of Mrs. Bloom. One day, as Ellen was coming up the dark stairs of her boarding-house, she heard a low moan, as of one in great pain. She paused and listened. It was repeated, and came evidently from the partially opened door of a room, which opened upon the small passage. Ellen hesitated a moment, then, as the groan was repeated, in apparently increased anguish she pushed back the door and entered. The room was very small, and thoroughly unwholesome from accumulated dirt, and the close, heated air already suffocated her, though it was a chilly day in November. Cobwebs festooned the dingy walls, and the light was almost excluded by a ragged coat which hung over the single window. Ellen hastened to this window and drew away the garment, gasping eagerly as the fresh, moist air rushed into the room through the broken glass. The cold November mist and rain, sprinkling her face, revived her, and, taking advantage of the now light apartment, she turned to look for its occupant. The apartment was almost des-

titute of furniture, and the thick atmosphere seemed impregnated with fever. A groan from the region of a low bed in one corner of the room drew her attention thither. Extended upon it, writhing and moaning with pain, lay a strong man, weak now, and more helpless than a babe, in the clutches of a fierce fever.

Ellen drew nearer. She thought she knew that haggard face, flushed high with fever, and distorted with pain. The sight of it recalled a vague pain, as the features of one seen in an evil dream.

"Surely," she murmured, "I have seen this face before. And yet—"

"Water! water!! water!!!" moaned the sick man, clutching at the bed-clothes with both feeble hands, as he turned his glazing delirious eyes upon her, and trying to moisten his dry, cracked lips with his dry, furred tongue.

Ellen caught up a pitcher which stood by the bed. It was empty, dry and dusty.

"Water! water!! water!!!" gasped the man upon the bed. "I know the fiend has tormented me with this horrid thirst. But I am not dead—why does he haunt me now? Go away! go away!!" he screamed, wildly, waving his skeleton arms in the air, as Ellen approached him. "I know you! You are come to torment me, too. It is because I helped to take from you your inheritance, that you haunt me. I did it for gold—gold! I was starving, do you hear? Go after the rich man who tempted me. Gold? Ha! yes, I have gold—shining gold—and therefore the fiend torments me. He keeps my gold; and parches me with heat, because I have no more. Go away, little Ellen! Your sad eyes add to the flame that burns me. Water! water!! water!!! How I played with the waves of the old mill-pond, when I was a boy! I dashed aside the glittering beads that drenched my hair, and forgot them. Now I would give the whole world for a single drop." His voice died away in low moans, and Ellen hastened to her own room.

"I will be back soon, madam," she said to Mrs. Bloom, as she caught up a pitcher of ice-water provided for the latter, and hurried back to the room she had left.

"Water! water!! water!!!" was the despairing cry that greeted her ears as she entered.

Ellen held the pitcher to his lips, and he laughed wildly but feebly, and attempted to grasp it with both hands, as she withdrew it. She straightened the tangled covering of the bed; beat up the hot, fever tainted pillow beneath his head, and cooled it at the open window. She brought from her own little store of medicines a cooling

draught, and administered it to the delirious man, and when he had sunk into a health-giving sleep, she sprinkled the dusty floor and swept it cleanly. She threw aside the window, and closed it when the stifling had departed, carefully excluding the mist and the rain. Then, having done all she could, she left him in a calm slumber, and went back to her other patient.

"Where have you been, Ellen?" fretfully called Mrs. Bloom.

In answer, Ellen carefully detailed what she had seen and done. The invalid was interested, and her sympathies aroused, which was just what Ellen wished.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Bloom; I hope he will not die. Do you suppose Mrs. Watson," (her landlady,) "knows he is so sick?"

"No!" replied Ellen. "Mrs. Watson is much more kind-hearted than the generality of those who follow her profession. If you are not too ill to be left alone yourself, Mrs. Bloom, I will go to her about it."

"Do so," replied Mrs. Bloom. "I am not very ill. Indeed, I feel much better than I did. Do go, Ellen."

Ellen went, and having briefly stated her errand, enquired what the landlady thought best to do in the case.

"Why you don't say!" ejaculated Mrs. Watson. "He's a lawyer, Miss Bryanstone, and only lodges here. He always took his meals down town; and as none of us is never allowed to go into his room, he might ha' died, and no one been the wiser. I'll go up with you. I haint much notion o' lawyers; my poor husband, 'fore he died, lost all his property through trusting to 'em; but if this one is sick, he's got to be nursed. And he always paid up reg'lar, Miss Bryanstone."

He was awake, when they entered, and his fever ran high. Mrs. Watson, at Ellen's suggestion, cut away the long, thick locks of matted hair, and Ellen herself bathed his head.

"He is very ill, Mrs. Watson. He must have a doctor, and a good one," said Ellen.

The landlady demurred.

"You see, Miss Bryanstone, I can't afford—"

"It shall be at my own expense, Mrs. Watson," interrupted Ellen, and the landlady obeyed her at once.

:(CONTINUED.)

ESTELLE DE LOUR.

BY LELIA HILTON.

Part First.

ESTELLE DE LOUR was a gay, brilliant girl—full of fire was her lovely Italian eye—full of tenderness her great noble heart—and oh! how full of fiery passions too, descended from an old Italian family—on her mother's side she inherited some of her countrymen's traits; her father was French—reared in the lap of luxury, she knew no want ungratified—no wish unfilled—no sternness had visited her heart—no sorrow clouded her brow, at the time in which we introduce her to the reader; and yet very faulty indeed was the highly accomplished Estelle. Her home was on the banks of the grand Mississippi—a wealthy old plantation that had descended from sire to son for many years—and Estelle lived in the old homestead, and grew up as wild and lovely as the fairest flowers—an old grand-father was the only other inmate of the house, save the old house-keeper, and some other servants belonging to the household, and so Estelle grew up amid the grim and dusty portraits of her ancestors, a child of light and song with a deep tinge of romance in her young heart. Yet the vacant halls oft echoed with the joyous laughter of the queenly Estelle, the proud high-born mistress; and when feelings of loneliness stole over her happy heart, gay parties of friends were quickly summoned from the city to the old hall—a wild untrained flower, she grew amid the halls of her ancestors, and the deep solemn forest around.

* * * * * *

Near the banks of the clear and beautiful Ohio, lived a widow lady and her ten children. The house was one of those charming cottages imbedded in shade-trees and fragrant roses, upon which the way-farer would stop and gaze with a wistful eye. Mrs. Harding was the name of this most estimable lady; her husband Capt. Harding had served in the army sometime—being severely wounded, he retired to the quiet of private life, and with his family moved West; a very short time after becoming settled he died, leaving his family in comfortable, yet by no means wealthy circumstances; their farm

was well managed by a competent overseer, or more correctly speaking, a man usually styled the superintendent. The laborers with their wives lived on the place in small white-washed cottages. Mrs. H.'s eldest child Ernest was twenty-four years old, of a noble carriage, a fine intelligent, yet rather pale countenance; he was loved by all. Mrs. Harding was one of those calm, lovely ladies, who please and delight both old and young, bringing comfort and cheerfulness to all.

And Emma! ah! how shall I describe thee Emma?—beautiful one, thy picture lies before me now; and as I gaze on thy sweet face, a mist comes over my sight. The beauty of Emma Harding was peculiar; to some she might seem only pretty; but to those who knew her best, she was heavenly. If my pen fails in a just description, let the blame be mine.

Her brow was rather low, yet each tiny vein could be traced so fair, so pure, so marble-like it was: long soft ringlets of a golden tint, waved in glorious ripples about it—eye-brows, a few shades darker, beautifully arched, giving a little haughtiness to the face, which swept away when the large eloquent eyes were lifted, such eyes, oh such bewildering eyes, their expression was so varied—at times, soft, melting—then brilliant in their light of glorious splendor. Her mouth was beautifully moulded, with soft easy pouting lips, and teeth small and pearl-like; her complexion was of extreme delicacy—of medium height, small frame, yet plump, exquisitely proportioned limbs, and the smallest most perfect hands and feet that ever graced a fair young girl.

I have spoken of Emma's personal appearance—the casket was beautiful, but oh! far lovelier the gem within—the bright and holy spirit of this young girl—no one far or near but knew of her gentle kindly spirit—many had been comforted by her charities, and all blest her. At home she was the petted, the caressed.

Dismal Castle as Estelle loved to call her old home, was filled with company; the shooting season had begun, and some gentlemen and ladies had been invited by old Mr. De Lour to spend some weeks at the old homestead. Many an old friend he had not seen for long months, came to enjoy the hospitalities of the old man's house. Many gay ladies, bright and beautiful were there; many brave and goodly gentlemen; 'tis my province to describe one in particular; he was the son of Mr. Linden, Mr. De Lour's most intimate friend who had married at an advanced age, a young and beautiful girl of sixteen, who died in giving birth to our hero. His name was Edward Linden, of a very aristocratic family; he inherited his father's haugh-

ness with the rare beauty of his dark eyed mother; he was tall, and had a very stylish air about him; his eyes were dark and brilliant, hair of a chestnut brown, that lay in waves above his intelligent brow; his manners were graceful and his conversation most fascinating. As a general thing he was very quiet, but when the least interested in those about him his wit flew and sparkled about; repartee upon repartee the most brilliant fell from his lips. He was one of the most eminent lawyers in the city.

He came to the old hall as he thought, to kill time—he there found one of earth's most lovely flowers—they met, and loved—why add more? Alas! alas! that I might lay aside my pen, but I must press onward; for I gaze upon another picture, so faded I scarce would know the pale sad face save for the dark beaming eyes, whose beauty seems shaded by unshed tears—alas! they loved, and ere the season was over, they were plighted lovers—he haughty and stern at times, she full of the deep tender love that filled her maiden heart, loving the very air he breathed, clinging fondly to him. Oh love, love, full of mystery thou art, and full of agony as well as bliss.

They parted—he returned home; and she the child of mirth grew sad, and roamed through the wide deserted halls, with a restless unquiet feeling; her only joy were his letters, that breathed of naught save the wealth of love he lavished on her. The house became to her insupportable—the forest a desert—wearied of the monotony around her, Estelle decided on visiting a very distant though much loved connexion of her family. Emma Harding, her distant relative and school-mate, had often written for her to spend a summer with them in their Western home; and she would go—Estelle wrote two letters and dispatched them, one to her lover acquainting him with her design, the other to Emma. Accompanied by her servant, one devotedly attached to her, she was soon packed, and the old halls were vacant. It was a damp chilly evening as the steamer P—— landed; Estelle found Ernest and the carriage awaiting her, she was cordially welcomed by Mrs. Harding and Emma. After being thoroughly warmed tea was served, she never enjoyed a meal more in all her life, seated near Mrs. H., Ernest on one side, and Emma's strangely beautiful face peeping above the silver tea urn—it was all so cosy, so home-like, it made her feel as if she had known and loved the family for years. Often she met the grave earnest look of young Harding, but only momentary, for his eyes were withdrawn as quickly as he saw she perceived him.

It is a calm night—the two young girls sit by the open window in

Emma's little room, hand clasped in hand—what a picture! yet how different their style. Emma fair and lovely as an angel,—Estelle, dark and glorious, her raven tresses carelessly thrown back from her high clear brow.

"How quiet and holy it seems to-night," softly whispered Emma.

"Yes, it does, are you fond of such nights? I am sometimes, but to-night I wish it would storm, and thunder and lighten," said Estelle.

"Ah! no! I dread so unquiet a time. I love to gaze on sweet quiet stars, and watch the moon as she sweeps so grandly by, and think of God and the spotless angels up there, away in the far distant heavens," said Emma in a hushed voice, "do you not often think of all these things?"

"Seldom," replied her companion, in a dreamy voice, "yet stay, I do often think of love, and wonder much—have you ever loved?" she asked, closely scanning the face of her friend.

"Loved? why yes, I love my sweet mamma, my dear brother, and you, and others."

"Pshaw! not that—I mean, have you ever worshipped a being, one you know to be your superior; have you ever felt that in losing him, heaven would be dark and joyless to you?" said Estelle in a low hollow tone.

"No!" was the grave reply, "I have never loved as you say. I have never yet met one for whom I could forsake mother, brother, and home, have you dear Estelle?"

"It is singular—why do you ask me such a question Emma?"

"Merely for curiosity; but it has past, I did hope you loved my darling brother Ernest."

"I think," continued Estelle, in a low musing tone, "if I were to love, and the object of it should ever forsake me for another, I think Emma I would kill him—poison him—or die myself;" and she hid her face in her cold hands.

"Estelle! Estelle!! how wild you look! how strangely you talk!" cried Emma, her full eyes bent upon the pale face beside her, "What ails you? Art thou sick, Estelle? Come let us retire."

"No! no!!" she said in a hollow tone; "I am better Emma; it was a wild thought flashed over me; and yet" she went on, taking in her cold hand Emma's soft and dewy one, and gazing sadly in her face, "and yet you are strangely, wondrously beautiful my sweet friend Emma."

At this singular and unexpected compliment, Emma blushed, and pressing her sweet lips to those of her companion, she softly said,

not half as lovely as thou, sweet Estelle, dear darling, beautiful sister.

Estelle's visit is over, Emma accompanied her to Dismal Castle; they have been there near a week, and Edward Linden is impatiently expected by his affianced; she has never once mentioned him to Emma. Her great weakness lies in her love—her jealousy. Emma is therefore, perfectly ignorant of her friend's engagement, and also totally unknown to the expected guest.

'Tis a soft autumnal night; the sultry breeze floats away over earth, gently as the breath of angels, the flowers are folded in sweet sleep; yet the night air steals their fragrance, as it passes and silently floats to the open casement of the drawing room—the moon's faint light struggles through the half closed blind, quivers over the rich carpet, then lay lovingly on the brow of a fair girl who lies near, wrapt in sweet sleep—one fair rounded arm supports the head—the other hand lies partially hid amid a wealth of golden waves, the face is shadowed, yet a struggling moon-beam partly reveals the sweet angelic face of Emma. The reception room below is one blaze of splendor. Estelle De Lour reclines in a large easy chair; her sable robe of velvet falls in rich folds about her stately form. She sits silent and alone amid all the splendor of her home—a slight cloud rests on her beautiful face, she is in deep thought. Old Mr. De Lour, the grand-father of Estelle, has been dead some months; he died during her visit to Mrs. Harding's—her dark dress is in memory of him—yet her thoughts dwell not on the departed, but linger with the living. She arises, and a look of impatience flashes from her brilliant eyes—it passes replaced by one of deep joy and happiness, as the door opens and her lover folds her to his heart. Allow yourself dear reader, to be transported back four years, and I will relate an incident which bears strongly on this story. Emma Harding was a child of twelve or thirteen summers; light golden curls waved above eyes of the sunniest hue. She was beautiful beyond a dream, lovely as a poet's fancy, pure and bright, and soft, and gentle as the stars.

One evening when returning home from a charitable visit, the little pony she rode took fright, and darted off very suddenly, her childish hands could not stay its rapid course, but in turning a corner of the road, she felt her horse's speed was stopped. Faint with fear, she barely lifted her eyes, and saw a tall, elegant stranger before her, quieting her excited pony. The gentleman might have been two and twenty years of age, or perhaps a year older but not more. Emma's thanks must have been inaudible, for the stranger did not look up, nor cease stroking the arched neck of the horse. After some mo-

ments longer, the steed seemed quieted, and then the stranger taking the bridle, carefully guided the horse over the smoothest parts of the road. Soon the long avenue leading to her mother's house was gained, and there he bade her adieu, and prest one pure kiss upon her fairy brow. She asked his name.

"Call me 'Edward'" said he with a smile, half joy, half sad.

"'Tis a sweet name," said the child, "'Edward!' how good! how noble it sounds! Will you not think of me sometimes?"

"Often," burst from his lips, "child, will you let me carry with me one little tress of your sunny hair?" The head bent willingly, and with his knife the stranger severed one golden curl.

Years past, that which faded from the child's mind, lingered as a sweet dream in the heart of him who treasured the little lock of hair. Though he mingled in the world sought after by the great and rich, he never forgot the gentle child—though he made a name, and his heart oft times grew sad and stern, the memory of a childish form, and lock of wavy hair would bring sweet memories to his heart. Often he wondered who she was—this little spirit that could so beguile him. Often he asked the question, "where is she? Will I ever see her?" But silence was the only answer. And so time passed, and the dream came, and floated about him, and left him, and came again fresh and beautiful as ever.

The lovers sat in the reception room—his arm was thrown lightly around her, and she was listening in wrapt attention, to every word that fell from his lips.

"And so you tell me this relative that is now visiting you, is very beautiful, very bewitching?"

"Yes," said Estelle, "she is wondrously beautiful, and lovely, and to me at times so entrancing, that were I a man instead of Estelle De Lour, I could kneel to her in worship."

"Nay, what a little enthusiast you are, when can I see this paragon?" asked her lover with a light laugh. But no laugh or word responded to his. He looked at her, and seeing the pale quivering lips, took her face between his hands and fondly caressed her.

"Nay, sweet one, are you permitting your old jealous feelings to control you, now? Well then, I will not see her."

"Yes! yes!! you must pardon my foolish fears, Edward, they are past now." And she smoothed away the cloud from her brow. "Yes, you must not fail in politeness to my guest, but mark me, when you do see her, when all her beauty and loveliness beam on you, remember my *great weakness*—remember my jealous spirit, over which I have not the slightest command."

"Yes Estelle, my child," said he, in a grave yet kind voice, "that is one trait you must certainly overcome, must conquer, or there will never be any true happiness in our married life—will you promise me, dear one?"

"Yes I promise, but do not expect too much from me, for I do so love you Edward."

He pressed the glowing lips to his. "It grows late Estelle; I have far to ride; I will see you and your fair friend very soon, rest easy, 'twould take all the beauty of heaven to win me from you."

The morning passed merrily with the young girls; music, reading, writing, was the order of the day—an afternoon siesta, then a refreshing bath, and a horse-back ride over the hills and through the deep solemn woods. They passed on slowly, for Emma's soul drank in the beauties of nature—what to her was fresh and beautiful, had become to her companion, as a thrice told tale.

Growing weary of Emma's slow gait, she gave her horse the reins, and onward they bounded; Emma knew not she was alone, so absorbed were her feelings; her steed took a small path that brought them to a shallow yet beautiful stream of water. He passed over the water, laving his feet in its silvery bubbles, and gained the opposite bank; for the first time Emma became aware of the absence of Estelle—a feeling of alarm crossed her as she thought of her entire ignorance of the forest—the solitude seemed to her to grow deeper and gloomier—her alarm was heightened, as a man emerged from a clump of trees, with a rifle slung across his arm: approaching he gazed with an impudent look into the face of the terrified, and almost fainting girl.

"Fine day, lassie!" said he with a disgusting leer.

Before the frightened girl could collect her scattered senses, a horseman was seen rapidly approaching in their direction. A cry of joy arose to the lips of the relieved girl.

By this time the stranger had reined in his fiery steed, and in a stern voice bade the man go; the new comer was Mr. Linden.

"Be not afraid lady!" he said, touching his hat—"be not afraid; he is a poor half witted being, and as harmless as a child."

"Oh kind sir, how grateful I am to you for your timely arrival, I had become separated from my friend, Miss De Lour, and wandered on until I lost my way."

"Miss De Lour!" he exclaimed, "you are then the young guest of whom she told me?" His fine eyes rested on the fair face of Emma, now covered with a faint blush. His lips moved; a shadow passed his brow; some memory seemed to stir his soul as he gazed into the

glorious eyes of Emma Harding. Yes, he had not forgotten; they had met before; time had past; the child had grown into the young girl; a child she still seemed---a half opened bud. Could he ever forget those glorious eyes, that had shed so much sweetness upon his warm heart? That smile! the same old sweet childish smile! that had beamed on him in the hurry of his public life, and threw a holier, a deeper calm over his restless and unquiet spirit? Above all, could he ever, *ever* forget the tress of sunny hair, even at this moment pressed so near his heart. It had perhaps, grown a shade darker, and richer, but the little ripples still danced above the brow of beauty, and the long ringlets waved over a form more round, better developed, yet withal the same. These thoughts flew lightning-like through the brain of Edward Linden, and as she spoke to him, in her own sweet quiet way, he was more convinced than ever. They saw Estelle in the distance, coming to them with all speed.

"Oh truant!" she laughingly cried, "you allowed yourself to be lost?"

"Blame yourself dear Estelle. Why did you leave me?"

"I owe you an apology Emma, but first allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Linden, Miss Harding."

"Accept my thanks Mr. Linden, for your kind attention to my friend," and her bow was coldly polite; "but come, let us to the hall."

Edward Linden's visits to the hall grew more frequent. Often he saw Emma alone, too often for his own safety. He grew strangely quiet, and when his affianced questioned him, he would laughingly turn it off, but when she grew importunate, he would turn from her with a cold moody air. Her heart trembled; her eyes grew sad, and yet they never rested from their keen scrutiny---each glance, each tone, smile or sigh never escaped her ceaseless vigils.

The autumn deepened into winter, and yet how delightfully clear and beautiful the weather continued to be. To one born in a colder clime it would seem as spring-time; but Emma's visit is drawing to a close; for winter too has past, and spring draws rapidly near.

Sweetly the time has past to the gentle girl---happily the moments have glided by. She had enjoyed the society of Edward Linden, and she knew her thoughts had dwelt too long and too frequently on him. She felt her insignificance as she called to mind his great intellect, his generous heart, his noble God-like character, and as his voice of deep rich melody fell on her ear in fancy, her very soul hung entranced on his every word, she felt how deeply, how idolatrously she loved him, and he had never said love to her; as this thought arose, there came with it a little touch of womanly pride; how dear, how very dear he was to her young heart.

A change had come over Estelle De Lour; she sits in her room alone; her thoughts are gloomy; a heavy frown contracts her brow, and her fingers grasp, nay! fairly clench a small note; she bows her stately head, and dark circles gather around the blazing eyes. She reads the note again; a softer look comes to her eyes. She takes her pen and writes another note, then tears the former one to fragments; a smile plays over her lips, and she gives utterance to her thoughts:

"I will send this note to him; I know he has ceased to love me, yet he is unhappy because his honor binds him to me. Yes, this note will release him; my pride also demands of me this sacrifice. Yes, I will free him, and then he and Emma will marry. Just heavens! why has she destroyed all my happiness? Oh my God, she that seems so guileless, Emma that I loved! Oh all love seems turned to gall; all the love I felt for her is dying out of me; but for Edward! Oh Thou Eternal God, soften this mighty sorrow; the colder he grows the fiercer burns my love; I know I am every day losing a cling to his affections, but I love him to idolatry, and yet this note will free him. Yet, I *will not* free him!" burst from the despairing heart; "he will write—he must write—I will be cold, and seemingly unconscious of his changed heart—he shall act—I will remain passive, no matter what comes—how cold and hard I am growing." She heard a light footstep winging its way to her room, and barely had time to shade her face when the door flew open, and Emma stood before her.

"Come beautiful Estelle, Mr. Linden awaits us!" she cried, while happy smiles wreathed her lips. Very beautiful looked the sweet girl as she stood beside her suffering cousin, very lovely indeed—clothed in her dark blue habit, faced and trimmed with broad black velvet, and her coquettish little riding hat with its sable plumes sweeping over her shoulders. How so much brightness pained the heart of her who gazed. "Why am I not as beautiful," thought she, yet Estelle was unjust to her own charms.

"Excuse me Emma, my head pains me severely; I cannot go."

"Not accompany us? Well, I will stay also. What, ride and enjoy myself whilst you are here suffering? No! no!! I'm not so heartless."

A gleam of happy light shot from the dark eyes that watched Emma, but soon recovering herself, she said with a forced smile:

"It would be too great a disappointment to Mr. Linden, Emma, were you to stay, for I am satisfied he made up the party for your sake; and it is very ungenerous in you to remain at home, in fact very rude in you, to pay so little regard to his feelings, since he has in this case consulted yours. Now go! leave me for I am weary."

Cautiously the pale girl glided to the window, sadly, wistfully, the dark eyes watched them mount, then ride away; the gay silvery laugh of Emma came to her dull ear, borne by the passing wind; harshly it sounded to the lone watcher, who with a groan turned from the window and buried her face in her hands.

Beautiful spring has come, the flowers are blooming everywhere; the birds are singing their good-night lays to the soft spring moon, as she gracefully sails through the vault above. It is a bright new moon, and as she throws her quivering light over earth, it seems to lull the bird songs into a dreamy quiet; the flowers sleep sweetly beneath her faint light.

In the gardens surrounding Dismal Castle, two persons are slowly pacing the broad shell walks; they are engaged in deep and interesting conversation. The fragile form of Emma looks so fairy-like in the dim moon-light; with what a proud stately air her companion bends to catch the falling words; see how tenderly he guides her, and note with what sweet confidence she leans on that strong protecting arm. At length they reach an arbor which they enter. It is a fit temple for the breathing of love's sweet vows. Its style was truly artistic, and after the fancy of Estelle; she had superintended the arrangement of it; she had with her own fair hands trained the vines and fragrant roses that lay over and about it in such rich luxuriance. The young moon was sinking to rest, and the pale star-light struggled dimly through the latticed work. A tall form passed through the spacious halls of Dismal Castle, on through the drawing rooms; thence on, on, to the reception rooms; then glided ghost-like on to the balcony, out in the quiet misty night.

"Not here?" gasped the cold lips. "Where are they? Why 'tis passing strange. What noise is that?" And the dark troubled eyes gazed wildly around, "ha! voices, and here comes old Maggie. What now?" demanded Estelle, as the old house-keeper slowly approached.

"A note left by Mr. Linden a few hours before dark."

"You may go Maggie."

"Ah! and let us see the contents of this precious note," echoed the mocking lips, but the proud heart trembled. The chandelier throws its full blaze of light over the statue-like form of Estelle; the eyes gaze into vacancy; the arms fall stiff and rigid beside her; the crumpled paper lies, crushed beneath her foot. Every light in that vast room is silently extinguished by a cold nerveless hand; and then there was a hurrying of feet as fast she sped along the dim corridor; fast, fast as the wind-storm. Low words were spoken, he told her of

the time he had saved her life when she was but a child; he spoke eloquently of the feelings he had ever cherished for the "angel child;" of the long dark nights of his stormy career, when her little spirit ever faithful came to woo and win him from his dark stern thoughts, and then he drew forth a sunny tress of hair, and pressing his lips to it, showed it her. The fair head drooped lower and lower, as he lovingly gathered her to his heart. * * * Hark! what groan was that upon the evening air! There goes a shooting star! What means it? Speaks it of a broken heart, or a lost spirit? And where was the dark-eyed Estelle during this time? In her quiet room, dreaming sweet dreams of love? No! oh! no! but crouching like some poor hunted bird, beside the rose-vines over the arbor, with bowed head and stony heart, she saw—she heard all; a cry of agony fell from her lips—she tottered to her feet, and hurried to her room, faint, shivering.

When Emma came in to impart her happy tidings she had retired. To sleep? Alas! sleep closed not her burning eyes that night. And Emma, happy Emma, was in blissful ignorance of the misery around. 'Tis true, when she began to speak of her bright hopes to her cousin, she felt surprised at her suddenly stopping her, and could not imagine why Estelle grew white, even to the very lips; yet her wonder ceased somewhat, when in a little note from her, Estelle informed her that she knew of her happiness, and had long ago foreseen it; tendering hearty congratulations for Emma's happiness, she desired the subject to be dismissed.

"I am rather sceptical (said the latter part of the note) in love affairs Emma, and have yet to learn the happiness you now enjoy."

Very soon after Emma left for home; Ernest had come for her, and they were gone.

Desolate indeed was the heart of the proud Mistress of that mansion, cold and dreary, and full of anguish.

A year had past; and strange rumors were afloat with regard to Miss De Lour; some said she had been murdered, some that she had committed suicide, and others, that she had left for a strange distant land. Maggie, the old house-keeper, and a man servant were both missing too; they were two old white dependants of Estelle's father; he had supported them during his life, and in their old age they still clung to his only surviving child, and the old homestead. At all events the house was closed—the servants sold; and she the brilliant and the gay had disappeared, no one knew how or where.

(CONTINUED.)

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A TRAVELLING
JOUR; OR LIFE AS IT IS.

BY GEO. LLEWELLYN BROWN.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the following sketches, we shall endeavor to give the readers of "*The Aurora*," to whom we now make our best bow, as a diffident author should to *such* an audience, some glimpses of real life as we have seen it. Our title may appear to some a strange one, and perhaps we selected it on that account. We have seen "Leaves from the Diary of a Physician," "Leaves from the Sketch Book of Travellers," and various others of the same kind, but have never seen anything that took a glance at the journeymen. This class of our young men are without a doubt the most adventurous, free-and-easy, generous hearted and hard working set of men in our Republic. One day, perhaps, with plenty of money, enjoying every pleasure; the next, giving the last dollar to some object of charity, and depending on chance for more. The general rule being, in regard to money, "while we have any we have plenty;" the "jour" is generous while he has money, and ready to work for more. We have, therefore, selected this class from which to draw some adventures, in the hope that we may amuse our readers, even if we fail to give them some views of life that they had not thought of before.

In doing this, we do not confine the name "jour" only to those who follow some mechanical occupation, but apply it as well to the Lawyer, the Doctor, and the Clerk, as to those of the so-called humble professions. In consequence the adventures of all classes will be open to us, except the idle drone who is content to do nothing; for him we have no use; and can find none for him. Thus our intention will be understood by our readers, and if we shall succeed in entertaining them, our object will be accomplished. With this introduction we shall commence with

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

"Many years of hard study and labor, poor pay and less thanks have fallen to my lot since the circumstance I am now about to re-

late;" said my uncle to two or three of us young Lawyerlings, who used frequently to apply to him for advice and instruction. He was a kind and a good old man of some eighty years, whose urbane manners, unfailing kindness and strict integrity, was an incentive to us to endeavor to be like him, and to achieve the same high character. He stood at the head of his profession, and in consequence his advice and assistance were valuable to us who were just beginning to climb the hill of which he had reached the summit. I believe he liked nothing better than to give his aid and advice to those who were younger, and who needed it. "Young men," he continued, "never be too certain of anything, and particularly of any one's guilt or innocence. It is now about fifty years since, that finding I could not succeed in my profession as rapidly as I desired in the Eastern States, I removed with my small library and settled in a small town in the interior of the then "back woods" of I——. I was young, ardent and devoted to my profession, and applied myself diligently to the work of 'getting a practice,' but with poor success during my first six months residence in my new home. But few, except those who have tried it, can even imagine the trials that beset the young Lawyer, who starts out into the world without influential friends and without money. These troubles were heightened by the fact, that I had taken that unfailing complaint of young men---love, and was engaged to one of the fairest maidens of the country. I could not marry, however, until I succeeded in making a start, so that I could sustain a wife. This circumstance, while it was another cause for working hard, also had the effect of embarrassing me in some degree, and in my impatience I sometimes thought I should never succeed in this my dearest wish.

"About this time came my first case of any importance---the case that gave me the much desired start, but one that I have always regretted since, but which at the time elated me not a little.

"Near where I was living they commenced building some important public works on which were employed a large number of hands, principally Irishmen, who frequently indulged in their national amusements of drinking whisky, and having a fight among themselves. There were always plenty of men who for the sake of the money, would sell them the liquor, and so they never lacked for the stimulus to arouse their passions. Their fights, or rather 'rows' generally went off quietly; a broken head or black eyes being the principal effect, and of these the parties were not disposed to complain. On one occasion, however, this was unfortunately not the case. A

man named Simpson had established one of these doggeries about two miles from our town, on one of the Sections of the work, and being reckless of public opinion and of all good feeling, his house soon obtained the reputation of being one of the worst of the bad places of the county. A company of the Irish laborers on the works assembled at Simpson's, one evening in February, and soon succeeded in getting "gloriously blue," and ready for any fun or fight that might come up. This was soon furnished to their hands. Several of the citizens of the county were forced to pass Simpson's doggery on their return from town, and as they passed, an altercation sprang up between them and the drunken hands. A fight ensued, the citizens were beaten, and compelled to fly to save their lives. Among them was one man named Adam Brooks, a stout, hearty man of about forty years of age, and about six feet in height. All of the party got off safely and returned home at night except Adam Brooks. His absence from home for one night did not alarm his family, as he had frequently remained away all night; but when the next day and night, and then the next passed, and still he had not returned, they became alarmed, and commenced making enquiry for him. This soon spread to the neighbors, and a search was instituted, but no trace of him could be found, and he had never been seen since the night of the row at Simpson's. The idea now began to gain ground, that he had been killed by the Irish on that evening, and soon amounted to a moral certainty in the minds of many of the citizens, and also with his own family.

It was now that I was consulted, and employed to bring the offenders to justice—the only fee for prosecuting that I have ever taken, but which I then accepted with pleasure and alacrity, for I looked upon it as the first grand step to success. The pleasure with which I undertook the case will be the more readily understood, when I inform you, that Adam Brooks was the uncle and protector of the orphan young lady to whom I was engaged to be married; so that there was a species of selfish feeling mixed up with my zeal for the profession, and my anxiety to succeed.

Evelyn Brooks was a beauty—not in the style of the milk-and-waterish-doll-baby young ladies of the present day; but a healthy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed lass of eighteen years, about the medium height, with blue eyes and light curling or rather wavy hair; she was enough to captivate any young man at all susceptible to female charms. Dear Evelyn, she has lain for ten summers under the grass of the village church-yard, leaving to me only the memory of the best

of wives. At that time I was deeply in love with Evelyn, and when she in company with her aunt sent for me, and begged me to take the case in hand, I could not have refused if I had been so disposed, but which I am free to say I was not.

I had not a doubt that the murder had been really committed from all the reported circumstances, and I now commenced hunting up, comparing and arranging these circumstances and corroborating testimony, and studying the law upon the case. Of course, as is natural, especially to a young lawyer, the longer I studied the case and the proof, the more I became convinced of the guilt of the parties, and soon advanced so far, that I felt justified in having them arrested, and examined with the view of committing them to trial at the next regular term of the Circuit Court.

The three men to whom the suspicions and circumstances pointed as being the guilty parties, were found quietly at work, and were arrested without any attempt at resistance or flight. They were three as intelligent and fine looking men as could have been picked out on the work. When they were arrested and brought forward, they evidently considered it a mere form, which would result in their release in a few hours. One of them was a man of some forty years of age, another about thirty, and the third a youth of apparently not more than twenty years, delicate and apparently refined, in both manner and language. All this I noted afterwards, but at that time I thought I could detect the marks of guilt in their faces. Mrs. Brooks and Evelyn, together with the two children of Adam Brooks were present, and I was determined to use my every effort to gain my cause, and to appear well in the sight of my intended.

When the question was asked, they each unhesitatingly and almost indignantly replied "not guilty," in such clear confident tones, that for the moment, even I was inclined to believe it, but a moment's thought on the evidence made me feel ashamed of my weakness and ready credulity.

I brought up my evidence, even I may say in a skillful manner, and connected it together link by link until every bystander (and the room was crowded) was convinced of their guilt. I had succeeded also in convincing the Court of the same fact. The points in the evidence were about as follows, although not brought up in the order:

About ten days before the evening of the row, the eldest of the prisoners had visited Brooks, for the purpose of purchasing some of his farm products. He and Brooks went together to the barn, and while there, had disagreed about the price of some grain, and had

some high and hard words between them, and the prisoner had been ordered off by the deceased in an insulting manner, to which he replied, "I can bate ye any day Mr. Brooks, and I'll do it some day for you. I shan't forget this. An Irishman never forgets either kind or bad treatment." The evening of the row when Brooks came up, the prisoner had reminded him of the fact, and had singled out Brooks as his man to fight. Brooks was about to get the better of the fight, when the other two came up and assisted in beating him, and finally made him run. The last seen of Brooks on that evening, he was running off as fast as he could, pursued by three men, who were now prisoners, each of whom had clubs. These facts were all admitted by the accused. Simpson testified that the eldest of the prisoners had been cursing Brooks before the men came along, and declaring that he would beat him the next time they met. That he had seen the three men following Brooks, and that he knew that they were all armed in addition to the clubs. That they returned late at night and came in for liquor, and that he asked them what they had done to Brooks, and they told him that Brooks had outrun them and got away. They also said that they had run him about two miles to a place known as "Wilson's Woods," and had then given it up and returned. Two other citizens testified, that while searching for the missing man, they had found his hat and coat lying by the side of a log in "Wilson's Woods," and had found a short distance from the same place, a considerable amount of blood on a log, and marks on the ground as though there had been a scuffle. They also testified that they had found a knife, known to belong to the prisoner at the bar, which was lying on the ground open. The knife was a large clasp knife, and was immediately acknowledged by the prisoner as belonging to him. The coat and hat were also produced in Court, and identified by the widow. A handkerchief was also found hanging on the fence of "Wilson's wood pasture," which was bloody. When the handkerchief was produced, the prisoner immediately owned it to be his, and said that he had bound it round his hand which had been cut in the fray, and had lost it that evening. It was also proved that the prisoner had remarked on the morning following Brooks' disappearance that "Brooks would never threaten an Irishman again, as he had settled with him too well." The widow testified to the quarrel between her husband and the prisoner, and also that her husband had said several times, that he "was afraid the hands might injure him, and that if they did to remember this man and his threats," and that he "was so afraid of them, that he would be glad to be away from there for a year or so, until the work was done."

This closed the evidence on the part of the prosecution, and as but little was offered for the defence, the case was closed. I now arose and commenced my speech, which I think I may say was the best and most eloquent of my life. My every thought and feeling were given up to the case, and the words and ideas came freely and easily. After a speech of two hours I closed, and after a short speech the attorney for the defence also closed his case. The minds of the magistrates was evidently made up on the case, and after conferring together for a few minutes, announced their decision to hold the prisoners to bail, each in the sum of five thousand dollars for their appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court, to stand their trial for murder on the indictment by the Grand Jury of the county.

This decision was received by the assembled people with shouts of applause, and I frequently heard my own name mentioned in praise and commendation, and I felt much elated with my success. As no one was found ready to be the bail of the prisoners for so large a sum, they were ordered to be taken to the county jail, and there be confined until the Court should be in session. The decision was received by the prisoners without a murmur, indeed they seemed stupified at this result. The younger of the prisoners, however, asked to be allowed to approach the widow and orphans. When he came near he addressed the widow :

"Mistress Brooks, we have been convicted of the crime of killing your husband, and it looks as if we had from the evidence, but so help me heaven in my need, if I tell not the truth, we never injured him. For us, he is alive and well this day, and you are no widow and the children no orphans. Mistress Brooks, I have an old father and mother, and the greatest trial of all is, that they will think their child has committed the crime. Mistress Brooks, as sure as God lives, we are innocent of this crime, and it will so appear some day."

"If innocent," replied the widow, "may that God whom you have invoked enable you to show it, and support your parents. If you are not guilty, as you this day declare, I pray God you may go free, for God forbid that any vindictive feeling should mingle with the mourning for a beloved husband and father."

"And, may He bless you for that kind word to one who you think has injured you!" replied the young Irishman, and then turning to the officer he said, "I am ready now!" and was led off to the cell of the county prison, there to remain until Court, which was then two months off.

The two months between that and the sitting of the Circuit Court

passed rapidly away to me, but slowly enough I suppose, to the poor fellows confined in that close cell. My speech and the way in which I conducted the case, before the examining Court, had been a "decided success," business poured in upon me, and I was on the tide of prosperity. But the sweetest and best praise that I received was when Evelyn, in her quiet way, remarked that "I had done my whole duty, and she knew I would succeed." I had more cases offered me than I could well attend to, but I was resolved to let none of them interfere with my great case as I termed it.

During this time I had caused diligent search to be made, and offered large rewards for the recovery of the body; for this was the only thing wanting to complete my evidence, and enable me to convict the prisoners of murder in the first degree. In looking back, I often wonder at the eagerness with which I sought this final proof, and which would no doubt have caused a sentence of death to be passed upon the prisoners. It seems now that I was almost vindictive, so much interested had I become, and so fully convinced of their guilt.

Court at length came on. The Judge took his seat, the prisoners were at the bar, and the question was again asked, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" and again the answer came from each, clear, distinct, and confident:

"Not guilty."

The Jury were empannelled and the trial proceeded, as usual, except that the District Attorney gave the prosecution up to me, as I was acquainted with the case.

But why enter into all the details of the trial. Suffice it to say, that the evidence was nearly the same as that produced before the examining Court, and that I, God forgive me, used every effort in my power to convict the prisoners. I was successful, and when the Jury retired they were so well convinced that they remained out only about five minutes. When they returned the Clerk of the Court put the usual question:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman, handing a paper to the Clerk, who opened it and read, amid a silence that could almost be felt:

"We the Jury find the defendants to be guilty of manslaughter, and do adjudge their sentence to be confinement and hard labor in the penitentiary for ten years, every seventh day to be solitary confinement."

"Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "you will see that the sentence is

carried into effect. It is mild enough, considering the circumstances of the case."

The eldest of the prisoners then addressed the Judge:

"Your Honor, we are innocent. We have only our own word to give for that, but we assert it, and wish it to be put on the books of the Court, that we assert our innocence."

"It shall be done," answered the Judge, "although it is out of the common course, and I would be glad to see it so proved if it be the case."

The prisoners were then removed, and a few days afterward were conveyed to the State's Prison to receive their punishment. Thus ended the trial of the case.

Time sped on, and three years soon passed away. Our marriage had taken place, and I had a good wife, a pleasant home, and was gradually accumulating property. I had intended to keep myself informed of the state of the prisoners, but a press of business, marriage and other events had gradually removed the subject from my memory, as is the custom among mankind, for the fortunate and successful rarely remember those who are not so.

About this time in looking over some old papers, the subject was brought to my mind again, and I immediately sat down and wrote to the Warden of the Penitentiary, requesting him to inform me how the three prisoners got along, and how they bore their confinement, and labor, and whether they had ever confessed anything or shown any proof of penitence. In due course of mail his answer came, and its contents were wholly unexpected to me or to any one who was conversant with the circumstances of the case. Here it is, I will read it to you:

"SIR:—I received your letter this morning, and hasten to reply. The three prisoners about whom you enquire, are those in whom I have taken the greatest interest of any that have ever been placed under my care. Those have been, ever since their entrance into the prison, the most kind, orderly and obedient of the whole number. They have never complained, never objected to any of the punishment, or asked it to be remitted, and have never failed to pay implicit obedience to every run of the prison discipline. I have found them intelligent and educated men, and I deeply deplore their sad lot, and the sad circumstances which have brought them to it. These circumstances they have minutely detailed to me, but without a word of bad feeling to the lawyers, Judge or Jury who sent them here.

The two eldest of the prisoners have borne their confinement and labor well, but the younger James Edwards, has not. His health has failed under it, and he is now and has been for months sinking in a decline. The physician of the Prison I know, thinks he will not last long; but the patient does not seem to dread death at all, but rather to rejoice in the prospect of it. He frequently speaks feelingly of his old father and mother.

In regard to confessions, I have never heard a word of the kind from any of them, but on the contrary, they have and do always assert their entire innocence, and their confidence that time will show that they are so. Their assertions have almost made me believe it. Two of them may live to see that day, but unless it come soon the other will have gone to the Spirit Land, where his guilt or innocence will be known.

Excuse my long letter, and believe me your friend.

SAMUEL ———,

To George D——, Esq.

Warden of the Penitentiary."

You will no doubt readily believe that this letter roused all my kind feelings, and some doubts, in regard to the prisoners, and I determined to act without delay in the matter. I sat down and drew up a petition to the Governor of the State, stating all the circumstances of the trial, the condition of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence, and praying for the pardon of the youth. In a week I had obtained a long list of names, and among the rest, the names of the widow and children of the deceased, and business calling me near his residence, I presented the petition in person to the Governor. The petition was favorably received, and I was told that the request would be granted. Owing, however, to the delays of the officials, two weeks passed before I had the pleasure of starting home with the pardon of James Edwards in my pocket. Every one was rejoiced to hear that I had obtained it, and I at once dispatched it to my friend, the Warden of the State Prison, with a request that he would send the liberated prisoner to me, and enclosed him money for that purpose. In a few days the money and pardon were returned to me, and on the latter was the following endorsement:

"Too Late by One Day.—James Edwards received a pardon from the great ruler of all the earth, and has gone away in obedience to it. He protested and asserted his *innocence to the very last*. Can I believe that such was the case?

SAMUEL ———."

Poor fellow! he was gone!—gone without knowing that he was pardoned. Died in prison and as a convicted felon. Died with the

belief at his heart that his mother and father supposed that he was guilty of murder. It must have been dreadful to die in this way, and with that belief in his thoughts, and thinking the world regarded him as a felon. Poor fellow! And what if he were innocent, as he so consistently asserted, and even on his death-bed. Surely a man in that condition, just on the point of going to meet his Maker, would not add a lie to his other sins. It must be true.

Occupied in these and similar reflections, I sat for some minutes, when there was a knock at my office door. My lips mechanically pronounced the words:

"Come in!"

My thoughts were far away, and even when the door opened and the intruder came in, I did not look up for a moment until he spoke:

"How are you George?"

And my hand was grasped in a friendly way that aroused me from my reverie. I looked up and staggered back—

"My God! Is it possible? Adam Brooks, is it, can it be you, so long thought dead?"

"Certainly, George. It's what's left of me at this time. But what's the matter? You look pale as a ghost."

I soon recovered from my surprise, and explained the matter to him, and gave him an account of the events that had transpired since he was gone.

"Well, here I am alive and well, and now we must go to work and get those poor fellows out of prison. I had no idea of such a thing, of course, or I would have returned long ago. I have been lucky since I left, and am now rich. The men shall be well paid for their time, but the suffering can never be paid for."

I handed him the pardon which I had held in my hand, and pointed to the words written on it. Brooks read them, and when he again looked up at me, the tears were trickling down his face, and he murmured:

"Dreadful! dreadful the suffering and anguish of mind he must have endured during these years. This indeed can never be amended."

The proper papers were immediately drawn up to release the other two prisoners, and this being all we could do at the time, I requested an explanation of the circumstances which had been the evidence before the Court. He then gave me the following history of the affair:

"On the unfortunate evening of our meeting at Simpson's grocery,

and after the fight I started and ran with the three Irishmen after me. They were so much in liquor that I easily outran them, although they kept following me. When I reached Wilson's woods pasture, I felt pretty well exhausted, and jumped over the fence, intending to hide myself from them, thinking they were not in sight. I suppose, however, that they were and saw me get over the fence, for when they came up, they got over and commenced searching for me, and before I knew it they were close to me. I had to start again and run for it, but they were soon left out of sight. I then ran on, and when I came out to the road the stage was just passing, I hailed it, jumped in, only thinking to escape, and after I was in I concluded to ride on to V——. When I arrived there in the evening, I concluded not to return for a time and wrote home, but it seems the letter never got here. I was afraid to return, for I supposed my life was in danger from the hands on the works, and I determined to go to another part of the country for a few years, until the works here were finished, and the hands gone, so that I could return in safety. I did so, and in the State of M—— I entered land and cleared up a farm upon it. The land proved to be a valuable one, for it was discovered to be fine coal land, and I sold part of it at a high price, and it has made me rich—richer than I ever expected to be, but I would give it all for that poor fellow's life to be restored to him again."

"But the hat and coat, and blood!" I exclaimed.

"Is as easily explained as the rest. When I sat down in Wilson's woods, I was completely exhausted, and my nose was bleeding profusely. The blood ran down on the log and on the ground, and I threw off my hat and coat, in hopes that the cool air would stop the flow of blood. When they came up, they were so close, that I could not stop to take them up, and ran on without them. I do not suppose the men ever saw them lying there at all; and as for the knife, I suppose it was dropped accidentally where it lay."

How simple and easily explained now seemed those circumstances once so full of mystery. How hard seemed the fact, that I had hunted them up, and arranged them with so much skill; and all to do a wrong.

In a few weeks the two surviving prisoners were released, and a good farm given to each, and one also to the parents of him who was gone—and now they all live near us. The great wrong has been repaired so far as human means could do it, but O who or what amount could ever pay for the suffering of that poor youth, condemned as a felon by CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

Walking wearily down the vale,
Scalding tears come dropping fast,
And our hearts moaning, lowly wail—
Joy and sorrow cannot last.

And I struggling, hush the grieving,
Praying, "let Thy will be done;"
And my hopes still vainly weaving,
Bright-hued garments to be won.

And I grasping at a shadow,
Find it flitting, flitting by,
Fitting emblem of the sorrow,
Which deludes, but cannot die.

Vain pursuing, still renewing
Bitter contest of the strife;
Coldly doubting, while reviewing
Vanished moments of my life.

Whilst I'm gazing upward, list'ning
To the echoes of the vale;
In the heavens, dimly's glist'ning
Faith, which answers to my wail.

Star of hope! Light thou my pathway,
Bid the doubting spirit trust;
Naught shall harm me—be thou my stay!
Hope shall scatter fears to dust.

Treading lightly, hushed my sorrow,
Blinding tears come dropping fast,
Tears of joy, which ere to-morrow,
Will have conquered grief, at last.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 5, 1860.

NISA BELL.

EVALINE.

BY WILLIE WARE.

The summer months have passed,
'Tis dreary autumn time,
The winds sigh through the trees—
The stars all brightly shine;
But where, oh where art thou,
Loved Evaline!

The flowers have faded now,
The rose and eglantine,
The blue forget-me-nots,
And the honey-suckle vine,
But where, oh where art thou,
Loved Evaline!

The leaves are fading too,
The autumn sunbeams shine,
Upon the harvest bounty,
And on the muscadine,
But where, oh where art thou,
Loved Evaline!

The spring time glad will come,
Again to this drear clime,
The summer sun again,
Upon the earth will shine,
But when, oh when wilt thou,
Loved Evaline!

Alas! the winds that murmur,
Murmur sweet as rhyme,
Through the forest trees,
And the climbing vine.
Echo, thou art gone on high,
Loved Evaline!

The moonbeams softly speak,
As they more brightly shine—
They say, thou art a dweller
In another, better clime,
Among the angels fair thou art,
Loved Evaline!

“And when another sleep
Hath kissed these eyes of mine,”
I’ll wake to find myself
In yon bright, heavenly clime—
With thee, my love, my life,
My own Evaline!

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1860.

ISA BENTON;—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Chapter I.

I WAS the petted child of wealthy parents—had hardly a wish of my life ungratified. My home was in the city about two hundred miles away; but that summer at the earnest solicitation of my cousin Ellen Sprague, I had come to spend a few weeks with her. George Willson had come there to visit me, but seeing Ellen, had been fascinated by her beauty, so I was forgotten. I had not suspected such a thing, until one evening; 'twas a beautiful summer's evening when I wandered off to the the orchard; where the light summer wind played softly among the apple blossoms, scattering some of their delicate pink leaves upon the green grass at my feet; but I heeded them not, for near by where I had accidentally seated myself, was a natural bower, and in that bower I saw two persons, Ellen and George; I could see them and hear what was said, but as their backs were towards me, I was unobserved.

“Ellen, only tell me my love is returned.”

I stayed not to listen to the reply, it was enough to know that he who not a month before poured into my ear just such words as those, was false to every vow. With a slow and wearied step I wandered

off towards the house. Was it not too much for me to bear, that this my first beautiful dream of love should be so ruthlessly broken by one whom I had imagined the very perfection of goodness, the ideal of true manhood. But as I walked slowly towards the house, my feelings changed. There was no longer a freezing chill creeping around my heart, but a stubborn pride was there, which would dare anything rather than betray a single throb of suffering to the destroyer of my hopes—my bright dreams of love.

That night, after all had retired but ourselves, I told Ellen that circumstances rendered it necessary that I should return home immediately, and that I must leave her on the morning train.

The next morning before breakfast, I had bidden my relatives "good bye," and was soon wheeling away from "Craig farm," and nearing my own home. When I reached home, one of my first duties was to gather all the letters and presents I had received from him, and without a word of explanation sent them to him, demanding my own in return.

Chapter II.

From that time I was a changed person. Some said I was proud and haughty; others called me cold and heartless, but I cared not. I had loved once, and I had firmly resolved I never would again. I did not believe in second love any way, so I steeled my heart against the fascinations of all.

Time passed on. One afternoon I was sitting in *our* parlor, conversing with a lady friend, when she started up quite suddenly, and gazing out of the window, cried "look!"—a horse and buggy came flying up the street, the mad steed having the reins entangled in his feet—in the buggy was a young man, holding to the side with the energy of despair; just as the steed reached our house, he turned, running the buggy against the pavement, leaving it a mass of ruin; the young man was brought in bruised and bleeding. He was fine looking, of twenty-five or thirty years of age. After examining the wounds, the physician sent for said, he "was very dangerously injured, and that he could hardly survive a week." All our sympathies were at once aroused, and everything possible was done for his relief. He made out to tell us in broken sentences where to send for his friends, and as soon as possible his mother, almost heart-broken, came to see him die.

After lingering for a week, to the surprise and delight of all, he

began slowly to amend, but it was a couple of months before he was able to return to his home, and during the long days that I had sat with him, and nursed him, I had begun to love him; yes, notwithstanding my theory, second love was no humbug.

The day fixed for his departure was near at hand, for on the morrow he was to leave us for his own home far away from the noise and bustle of the city. I was sitting by his side the afternoon before the day on which he was to leave us.

"We shall miss you very much Mr. Meredith," I said.

"I have been a great trouble to you all, Miss Benton."

"No! no!! an agreeable companion, and—" blushing, I paused.

"And what Isa—Miss Benton?"

"And friend I was going to say," I continued still blushing.

"May I hope that you will remember me when I am away? Oh! Isa, you have been my good angel through all these weary weeks. Would it be too much to ask you to be my good angel through life?"

My answer need not be recorded here.

Not many months afterwards we went together to a country farm house, where I now live, the wife of a loving husband, and have never regretted the hour when George Willson made love to cousin Ellen. I saw them married, and looked into the face of my husband, and compared his love with that of George Willson's. Isa Benton's life has ended, and Isa Meredith's has just begun.

AUGUSTA WASHINGTON.

THE COQUETTE.

There is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered by his incantations, that the philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He therefore proceeded along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became solid gold in his hand. But, alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement, that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him forever. We think this story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts, that at length she throws away the right one from pure force of habit.

BIBLICAL HISTORY,

Illustrated for the Young; translated from the Dutch, and enriched with Original Notes.

—
BY JACOB J. PERES.
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Chapter II.

YOUTH AND INNOCENCE OF MAN.

Genesis ii. 4-25.

IN the account of the creation, described in the preceding chapter, that of the ruler of all earthly works, is given in but a single word. While we find the origin of all other creatures sketched at some length, we read of man only that "the Almighty created him in his image, *male and female created He them.*"* The last words thus prove, that the first man is not alone alluded to here, but the first pair, whose formation and original state are circumstantially described afterwards. The history of the development of the creation, is given in Holy Writ, in the part at present under consideration. Before I begin, however, to mention these particulars, I deem it my duty to tell you, my young friends, something about this portion of the sacred record, of which we are now treating, and this must serve you as a guide in all meditations on the contents of the Bible.

The part of the Bible generally known under the name of *Pentateuch*, or the Five Books of Moses, and among Israelites by the more proper denomination of *the Book of the law of the Almighty*, or the *Torah*,† deserves in every respect, the unlimited esteem which all civilized nations entertain for it. This book it is, and this alone, which presents us in a few powerful sketches the manner in which all objects were called into existence out of *nothing*, how they were de-

*The original plurality of races, far of being in conflict with the biblical record, is in accordance with the spirit and letter of the writings of the inspired penman. Man in those passages may be considered as a collective noun.

†Learning, law, from a root, meaning to instil, to impart.

veloped, and combined into that great universe, of which we ourselves compose an important part. It contains too, over and above, the history of the oldest people that acknowledged the Creator, His laws, and commandments, the observance of which is indispensable for man to enjoy in this life the highest satisfaction, and to become blessed in the life hereafter.

A subject of so much importance would alone be sufficient to arrest the attention of every one desirous of knowledge, if even this small remnant of hoary antiquity did not contain *in an unaffected and majestic style*, such sublime ideas, noble expressions, elegant descriptions, and enchanting poetical effusions. No wonder that all enlightened nations have derived the materials for their public worship, from this small though brilliant source. No wonder that the great men of the peculiar people more than any other, derived therefrom all their regulations for public worship, social life, culture of the spirit, and the ennobling of the heart, and obtained thus an infallible guide in prosperity, a sure comfort in adversity, instruction when in error; that they could satisfy themselves by the practice of noble deeds, be moderate when in power, and rise above adversity with strength of soul when suffering from undeserved oppression. No wonder, I say, that these great men applied themselves at all times to polish this precious gem more and more, in their zealous endeavors to render it illustrious, in order that its gladsome rays may finally enlighten and irradiate all round it, like the sun shining in his full strength.

There is no doubt, and every orthodox believer ought to feel convinced thereof, but that every thing which is found in the *Pentateuch* was written down by Moses, the father of the Prophets, as it was communicated to him by the mouth of the Eternal. Adhere to this conviction, my young friends, and do not suffer so-called philosophical ideas or metaphysical contemplations to persuade you of the contrary. Orthodox believers are, however, by no means unanimous with regard to the manner in which Moses did it. Some think, that all the five books were written by divine revelation at once; others, that they were written in separate books at various times. According to some scholars, all that is found in the book of Genesis and in the first eleven chapters of Exodus is of very ancient date, and existed already in the shape of memoirs, composed by individual worshippers of the Most High, from the creation till Moses, and were pointed out by the Lord to His faithful servant to be permanently recorded, in order that they should be saved from oblivion, and men be made ac-

quainted with the first history of the world, and the early adventures of mankind. That such separate memoirs, unacquainted as we are with the particulars which would explain them, should present many *seeming* contradictions, many difficulties not easily reconciled, will appear very rational to my youthful readers! The oral tradition indeed, which Moses gave undoubtedly to his contemporaries, made everything plain to them; but when this was to some extent lost, when the national existence of Israel was terminated by a chain of calamities unheard of, there was left for the latter generations only the little which was saved out of the frightful shipwreck, or which had been committed to writing as an exposition of the Scriptures by learned men, whose spirit was enlightened by the rays of divine wisdom. Besides this, some confined themselves to a simple, others to a philosophical, others to an allegorical, and others at last to a mystical explanation of the Bible; and still all are the words of the ever living One! This great variety of ideas on the word of God which has come down to us, offers to the student of Holy Writ a large choice, though he finds himself often in the disagreeable necessity, by embracing *one* opinion to lose sight of several others. This will often be the case in the contemplations which I hope to offer to you. What I may quote to explain some important subject, will not always be the only thing which is written about it, or which can be said of it. Nevertheless you may be always convinced, that every particular, which I communicate to you, is founded on the opinions of one or the other commentator of authority, even when I do not cite the particular works from which the words are derived.

After this explanation, perhaps too long for your patience, though very necessary for the impatience of our study, let us proceed to explain the second account of the Creation, or as some call it, the second memoir of the oldest antiquity in the order it is placed in Holy Writ.

The beginning of this account, "Every plant of the field was not yet upon earth, and every herb of the field was not yet grown; but a mist went up from the earth, and watered the whole face of the earth," is by some considered as a repetition of the history of the third day of creation; others regard it a brief repetition of the whole work of creation, to which is only added what was omitted in the first chapter of Genesis, namely, that after the division of the waters, the moisture of the earth rose again by the action of heat after it had fallen down, when the vapors formed themselves in the atmosphere into clouds, then into rain, and in this state again descended as a means of fertilizing upon the earth. The most esteemed commenta-

tors, however, see in these words a description of the beginning of the sixth day, and this at the moment when the world had just been finished, except that the first man was not yet made. Only after his creation, when there "was a man to till the ground," was the latter watered and fertilized by a mist which arose from the earth. "*And the Eternal Almighty formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and thus man became an animated being.*" This verse explains the foregoing descriptions of the formation of man in many particulars, and shows us at the same time very plainly his superiority above all other created beings. *The Eternal formed man.* All other objects arose by the command of the Almighty; but man was *formed by Him*, in order thus to show that he should be exalted above all other creatures. Nevertheless, God formed him *of the dust of the ground*; to teach us the origin of man's material part, and to show us also, that man is not, like most animals, bound to one spot of ground, but that he belongs, according to his nature, to the whole earth; and everywhere where he is laid in the cold tomb, he returns to the mother who gave him existence. And in this creation of the dust the *Lord breathed the breath of life*.* He animated it by a spark of His divinity, and man became an *animated being*, not only endowed like other animals with instinct, but likewise, and this exclusively, with reason and speech. Reason and speech raise man above material nature, and this elevation the Psalmist celebrated in these words: "Thou hast made (man) a little less than godly beings, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to rule over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast put all under his feet, all sheep and oxen, yea! the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, which pass through the paths of the seas." (Ps. viii, 5-9.) Perhaps my young friends may ask me: "How could man be endowed with the power of speech, that is, with the ability to express, by plain and distinct sounds, his ideas and perceptions, since he never had had the opportunity, like we have at present, to learn and imitate this system of sounds and words from others?" And indeed, my friends! should we be engaged in a philosophical investigation, I should despair of being able to give you a satisfactory answer; but here the power of speaking in the abstract only, that is the ability to speak, is alone considered, and this is something divine in man which all philosophers together have never been able to explain satisfactorily. We hold ourselves here, as in all other insurmountable difficulties

*How insignificant is the account of man's creation, related by profane authors, if we compare it with this sublime narration.

which we encounter in the history of the creation, to the ancestral tradition solely which teaches us, that the *first* man, created on the sixth day, came out of the hands of God as a blooming young man of twenty years of age, so richly endowed with all superiorities of body and soul, that no mortal being ever could boast of so much perfection. If he had now at once, like all other creatures, a well developed body, and all his powers were at once ready to serve him, while we attain our growth only by very slow degrees: it is more wonderful that the power of speech he possessed was so far developed on the very first day of his creation, that he did proclaim aloud in a hymn of praise, the glory of the Almighty?*

WOMAN'S WORTH.

It is not your rich dress, your expensive shawl, or your golden fingers, that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond this. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation, no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no lasting attractions for them. It is the true loveliness of your natures that wins and continues to retain the affections of the manly heart. Young ladies who labor to improve their outward look, while they bestow not a single thought on their mental culture, should reflect that fools are to be won by the gewgaws and flummery of fashion; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps.

Let modesty be your dress; use pleasant and agreeable language; and though you may not be courted by the fop and the snob, the good and truly great will love to linger in your presence.

*Tradition informs, that all the events related in the second and third chapters of the Bible, took place within the twelve hours of daylight on the sixth day. It is the same tradition that informs us, that the ninety-second Psalm embodies the hymn sung with juvenile exhilaration on the birth-day of the human species; it commences thus:

A PSALM OR SONG FOR THE SABBATH DAY.—“It is good to thank the Lord, to sing in honor of Thy name, O MOST HIGH. To tell in the morning of Thy kindness, and of Thy faithfulness in the nights.”

Editorial.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

Before we again communicate with our readers, they will have been engaged in commemorating our Annual Christmas Festival. The young and the old, the grave and the gay, all look forward to this joyful season with gladsome hearts. To the former, it has always been a Saturnalia and conviviality;—to the wild and thoughtless a carnival of revelry. While the more sedate and reflecting look upon it as an occasion on which deep devotional feeling should harmoniously blend with and consecrate the rejoicings which it naturally calls forth. Let not this hallowed day be profaned by boisterous bacchanalian orgies, the resort of narrow minds, to produce forgetfulness of thought and reflection. While we indulge in innocent festivities, let us not ignore the real purport and design of the occasion—the momentous event which it commemorates—the *Birth-Day of the Saviour of the World*—the advent of a new dispensation of Mercy and Love to a benighted Universe. Let a portion of it at least be kept emphatically as a holy-day; and then we may with confidence look for the blessing of God upon our rational participation in the recreations and pastimes incident to this time-honored and gratefully anticipated period.

THE EUPHRADIAN SOCIETY.

This is a literary association, connected with the South Carolina College. Among the memorials of distinguished scholars in its halls, was a portrait of Dr. Francis Lieber, formerly Professor of History in the College, now of Columbia College, New York. It appears that the Professor, while making his bread out of the Southerners, *professed* great friendship for our institutions, and was regarded as a strong advocate of Southern rights. A vacancy occurring in the Presidency of the College, he became an unsuccessful aspirant for the honor, but the Trustees having neglected to offer it to him for some reasons which the Professor could not appreciate or understand, he changed at once his latitude and principles, and sought greater distinction in a College in the great city of New York. A few weeks ago, he was

called to preside over a meeting of German Black Republicans, and at that meeting, used language entirely in discordance with all his former avowed notions on the subject of Southern Slavery. On hearing of this defection from their ranks, the Society promptly met and passed resolutions, that the name of their former associate be stricken from their roll of honorary membership, and that his portrait should no longer be permitted to be one of the ornaments of their hall. The proceedings of this meeting have been published in the papers, and should serve as an admonition to all Janus-faced recipients of the honors and hospitalities of Southern men, that ingratitude and insult will meet their due reward; and a warning to too credulous hosts against entertaining strangers, who may turn out to be merely *professors*, after all.

SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORIANS.

There is no danger, that South Carolina will ever lack historians and biographers, to illustrate the lives and exploits of her gallant sons and daughters. Able pens have already engaged in this grateful service, and her archives can still supply voluminous documents, which patient research may render acceptable to many a future analyst. From the mass of publications which have already enlightened the public mind, and done some good in their day and generation, we select some of the best entitled to take rank in the catalogue of standard works, indispensable to the libraries of students of American history.

Ramsay's History of South Carolina is an old standard work, which recounts the incidents of the "times that tried men's souls." The name of the Historian is held in great respect in the State.

"MILLS' STATISTICS OF SOUTH CAROLINA," is a rare and highly prized work, the few copies of which remaining in our book stores are eagerly sought after. It was, at the period when written, an accurate and comprehensive view of the history and resources of each district, and full of valuable suggestions in respect to improvements, since inaugurated and carried on with success. The author was Robert Mills, a gentleman of varied learning and practical knowledge.

"*Carroll's Historical Collections of South Carolina*," is a valuable repository of documents, previously inaccessible to the general reader, throwing much light upon the early history of the State. They are arranged and compiled systematically, and are useful for reference. The compiler is a gentleman of extensive historical research, and one of our most successful instructors of youth. He was

formerly the editor of "The Chicora," a magazine published some years ago in Charleston, and has contributed frequently to our periodical literature.

Simms' History of South Carolina.—This volume has long been an accepted text book in the schools. The narrative extends from the first European discoveries to the erection of the State into a Republic, with a Supplement brought down to the present time. It has passed through several editions. The historian, Wm. Gilmore Simms, has a national reputation; not only in this department of writing, but also as a biographer, poet and novelist; and has published numerous works of each and all these classes, to which we shall have occasion to refer more particularly hereafter.

Rivers' South Carolina.—Professor Wm. James Rivers, of the South Carolina College, contributes to the Annals of the State, this sketch of her career to the close of the Proprietary Government by the Revolution of 1719, with an Appendix, containing a number of hitherto unpublished Records.

South Carolina in the Revolutionary War.—A reply to certain misrepresentations and mistakes of writers in relation to the course and conduct of the State. By Wm. Gilmore Simms, L. L. D.

Documentary History of the American Revolution.—Dr. R. W. Gibbs, of Columbia, S. C., contributes this offering to the historical resources of the State. It treats of the contest for liberty in South Carolina, and consists of letters and papers from originals in possession of the editor, who is a zealous antiquarian, and a gentleman of fine literary acquirements.

COLLECTIONS OF SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—These volumes, issued by an influential association, contain documents relating to early colonial affairs, well worthy of preservation, and useful for future historians.

ANNALS OF NEWBERRY DISTRICT.—Judge O'Neill, whose fame is widely extended, as one of our most able and venerable jurists, is the author of a book recently published with this title. It is an interesting sketch of that portion of the State where the Judge has always resided, and his thorough familiarity with men and things for more than half a century in his neighborhood, has enabled him to furnish a complete history; the details of which are abundantly relieved by stores of wit and anecdote, and incident, which he is peculiarly happy in adapting to subjects of this character.

HISTORY OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.—Professor M. Laborde, one of the Alumni, and instructors in this institution, has given

us a sketch of its career from date of incorporation, in December, 1801, to November, 1857—including sketches of Presidents and Professors, with many of whom he enjoyed opportunities of personal acquaintance and close social intercourse. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the life and labors of Dr. Jonathan Maxcy, the first President, whose character as a man and scholar is still held in great reverence and love by the Alumni.

DIPLOMACY OF THE REVOLUTION.—William Henry Trescot, a young author, who has devoted his brilliant talents to the close study of this intricate subject, and who was recently called to the post of Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, has written several books and pamphlets, which have attracted the attention of eminent leading men of the nation. This Treatise embraces the Administration of Washington and Adams, 1789—1801.

THE CAROLINA TRIBUTE TO CALHOUN, is a compilation of orations, addresses, sermons, reports, narratives, and proceedings of various associations, in reference to the death of the great Carolina statesman. Taken together, they constitute a valuable repository of information, relative to the life and times of Calhoun—his career as a statesman, and the events connected therewith. As a memorial of this eventful period, and its illustrious subject, this tribute may well be allotted an important position in the Historical Library. The editor, Professor John P. Thomas, is one of the Professors in our State Military Academy.

CALHOUN'S WORKS.—The writings of Calhoun, comprising Disquisitions on Government, the Constitution and Government of the United States, Speeches, Reports, Public Letters, &c., form one of our Standard Text Books of Political Economy. Like the "Tribute" above noticed, the contents of this work are closely connected with stirring periods in our history, in which the great Carolina leader prominently figured.

Carolina Art Gallery.—Through the exertions of a few earnest devotees of the Fine Arts, a Gallery of Paintings has for several years been very respectably sustained in this city. Additional attractions are every year procured, and during the gala season, when we are favored with the presence of numerous visitors, the Gallery is quite a fashionable gathering place for ladies and gentlemen of taste in such matters.

Theatricals.—Marchant has leased the Meeting Street Theatre for the season, and effected arrangements with distinguished Dramatic and Musical Stars, to appear upon the boards during the winter. It

will depend upon the faithful fulfilment of these contracts, whether or not the season shall prove a brilliant one. Under ordinary auspices, theatricals are at a very low ebb, in this latitude.

Lyceum Lectures.—Our Lyceum is making progress with its Winter Course of Lectures. The Introductory Lecture was delivered in July last, by Edwin Heriot, President of the Lyceum. Subject: "The Lyceum—a medium of intellectual and moral cultivation." The second was by B. R. Carroll, Esq., an honorary member, on "Carolina in the olden time." The following is the programme of the course:

1. Introductory Lecture—*The Lyceum, a medium of intellectual and moral improvement.* By EDWIN HERIOT, President of the Lyceum.
2. *Carolina in the Olden Time.* By B. R. CARROLL.
3. *Tennyson and Longfellow.* By Professor FRED'K A. PORCHER, of the College of Charleston.
4. *The Study of Nature and the Arts of civilized Life.* By Professor JOHN MCCRADY, College of Charleston.
5. *A Glance at the Sidereal Universe.* By Rev. J. BARNWELL CAMPBELL.
6. *Popularity.* By ROBT. C. GILCHRIST, Esq.
7. *The Influence and Importance of the Female Character*—illustrated by examples drawn from Sacred and Profane History. By J. FORREST GOWAN, Associate Editor "Rock Hill (S. C.) Chronicle."

Honorary Members.

The Course will extend through the month of January, after which, a Series of Essays will be delivered before the Association.

The Lyceum is fast gaining upon popular favor, and may now be considered to have secured a footing among the permanent institutions of the State, for the advancement of the interests of our young men.

Charleston Medical Journal.—Dr. Bruns, the editor of this valuable work, although a young man, has already won the highest regards of his professional brethren, by the ability with which he discharges his important trust. With the aid of a learned corps of collaborators, he has bravely maintained the reputation of this Journal, and firmly established it in the confidence of the community. With a college rapidly rising in reputation, a Faculty extensively known and appreciated at home and abroad, and a Journal such as Dr. Bruns'—our medical fraternity have reason to feel a proper pride, in the amplitude of their resources. Hundreds of medical men now thriving in the South and West bear cheerful testimony to the value of the teachings of their Alma Mater, and her accomplished instructors.

EDITOR'S TABLE, MEMPHIS.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own—my native land?
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

I. The love of country next to that of religion, is the most deeply seated and powerful affection of the human heart. It so far over-rides and bears down all other emotions, that there is no contentment—no happiness—no peace of mind—no enjoyment of life—when it is ungratified. However pleasant and delightful may be the surroundings of an individual, forced to live away from country, home and early friends, where no gleam of the hope of seeing them any more can penetrate his soul, he pines as a caged eagle, and finds no pleasure in them. Illustrations of this truth are seen too often to be denied. The ancient Jews when carried to Babylon in captivity, found no happiness in that wealthy kingdom. They hung their harps upon the willow trees, and seated themselves by the rivers, and wept at the thought of the scenes of their native Zion. Was their heart light enough to sing one of the songs of their beloved country? Could they forget the hills and vales, the brooks and rivers, the fields and forests, the olive vines and fig trees; above all the beautiful palaces and lofty temples of their cities? Could they be happy although surrounded by their brethren, kinsmen and friends? Could the gilded wealth and grand rivers—the bright suns and fair skies—the lovely scenery and magnificent cities of strangers minister to their minds diseased, or pluck from their hearts the rooted sorrow? Until that could be accomplished, no more could they sing the songs of Zion, or forget their native land, or be happy on the banks of the Euphrates.

So great was the effect produced upon a regiment of High-

land troops by the performance of a Scotch air they had often listened to at home, whilst they were in a foreign service, that they were affected with NOSTALGIA, (home-sickness,) and were with difficulty prevented from breaking rank and starting for home. The General forbade the playing of that air any more, in their hearing during the campaign. A similar anecdote is related of a Swiss regiment. All have, no doubt, experienced the same state of feeling upon hearing far from the home and associations of childhood, a familiar or favorite song:

“Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.”

We need no further proofs to establish the truth of our proposition, that the love of country has a deep and powerful hold upon the affections. That affection of the heart or principle of human nature wisely implanted by the Almighty Father of us all, serves more than any other to unite a divided and distracted people against any common foe from without, threatening an invasion of their native and common country, or of the rights and privileges they enjoy by virtue of their country.

II. But great and powerful, and deep-seated as is this love for one's native land or common country, it may be overcome. The citizen himself cannot conquer it. He can no sooner cease to love his country, his birth-place, “and every loved spot which his infancy knew,” than he can conquer the desire to promote his own happiness. Wherever he goes he bears with him the memories of his early home and associations, and any circumstance or occurrence calculated to refresh such recollections, awakens in his bosom a thrill of exquisite pleasure. Wherever a Frenchman hears the martial music of the Marseilles Hymn, whether he is in the enjoyment of the luxuries of the Atlantic cities, or surrounded by California wealth, or growing rich trading with the isles of the sea, his heart leaps for joy, and he longs to see again his cherished France. Whenever an Englishman hears “God save the Queen,” wherever he may be, he loves his country better than before. He feels indeed the spirit stirring him, that animated the Highland chief, when he exclaimed, “Call me not Campbell. My foot is on my native heath, and my name is McGregor.” And is there an American who can hear unmoved the stirring strains of “Hail Columbia!” You may find him on the frozen ocean, where his countryman, Dr. Kane encountered trials and sufferings that carried him to an early grave; you may find him contending with the

wild beasts and wilder men of Asia and Africa; you may find him luxuriating in the great city of London, or enjoying life as it is in the delightful saloons of Paris, or searching for knowledge amid the ruins of ancient Greece, or exploring the mysteries of the pyramids or sources of the Nile, and let him hear that national air, instantly his patriotism grows warmer. He cannot erase from his memory the pleasant recollections of his native land. Whatever revives his remembrance of the loved friends and dear associations of early life, strengthens his love of country.

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo.

Dulce loquentem.

If the individual himself, then, cannot overcome that love for his native land, experienced by every one who has a spark of the nobler feelings of human nature in his bosom, who or what can? It can only be effected by his fellow-citizens. A portion of these may obtain the power to oppress and annoy him so, that he will sooner or later lose all the love and affection he once cherished for his country at large. The government may be so tyrannical, that he would prefer to live away from his country than in it, and no recollection of his native land does he cherish. What is said of the individual applies as well to whole communities. It was this oppression at home that caused the Pilgrim Fathers to alienate themselves from their native land, and seek a *country*, a *HOME* far beyond the blue waves of the Atlantic, in the wilds of the then uncultivated, unsubdued and unkind region of the present New England States. Did they then fondly love their native land? No! They knelt upon the bare rock of Plymouth, to thank the great Disposer of human events, that they had at last reached a home which they could cherish. Soon they forgot all in their new homes, and made laws bearing unequally. In consequence Roger Williams was forced to fly from their presence, and establish himself in a home he could love and cherish. He found this at Providence, in Rhode Island.

Why is it that we see so many strangers and foreigners in our midst. Why do we count the natives of the "Emerald Isle" by thousands? Their government at home—their former home—is oppressive, and has estranged their affections.

Notwithstanding they still cherish the memory of "dear ould Ireland," yet for their former country at large—for Great Britain—they entertain no friendly feelings. The same may be said of others who have expatriated themselves. Although they still may think with tenderness and affection of the scenes of their childhood, yet they prefer a home in a foreign land, because of the oppressive mea-

asures and government which render their former home disagreeable to them.

But if those who are oppressed, whose rights are invaded—whose institutions are disregarded—have not the opportunity to forsake their native soil, to obtain peace and the enjoyment of life, liberty and property elsewhere, what then? If greatly inferior to the party in power, they must submit, and endure what they cannot cure. But they must be *greatly inferior*, thus tamely to bear oppression and wrong. Ten resolute men feeling that they must

“Strike for their altars and their fires—
Strike for the green graves of their sires,
For God and their native land,”

standing on their native soil, can put to flight, or withstand five times their number, endeavoring to enforce oppressive measures upon them. For

“Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel—
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

It was this spirit that enabled the brave Leonidas with a handful of men to withstand an immense army of the enemies of his country, at the Pass of Thermopylæ. It was this spirit that enabled a few undisciplined yeomanry of the American colonies, to defeat and overthrow the well trained armies of king George. It was this spirit that enabled him who now sleeps beneath the soil of his loved Tennessee; whose name was a tower of strength while he lived, and a talisman now that he is no more; whose marble statue graces the center of the most attractive public square in Memphis,—and his brave army at New Orleans in the war of 1812, to drive back and rout the greatly superior troops in numbers, of the invading British. And it is this spirit that will ever sustain in the hour of trial, the man or men who stand upon their own rights, and contend for life, liberty, property, family and home.

III. But let us observe some of the ways of engendering, keeping alive, and strengthening love of country.

1. A fraternal feeling of one section and one party towards the other must be cultivated. Party feeling may run so high as to lead to vituperation, abuse and hostility. Those of one party will sacrifice anything and everything to defeat and overthrow the other. They ascribe to the opposite party sentiments and principles which they never advocated, and which those who charge them, know full well. So great may be the hostility, enmity and jealousy of these opposing

factions in the same section, that friends and brothers, and neighbors will be arrayed against each other. How much greater, more bitter and deadly must be the hostility when these parties become sectional! Under such a state of things, the feelings of one section become alienated and embittered as to the other. If this continue, as in the course of things it must, so long as there are sectional issues, the section or party which is in the ascendancy will never cease until it has crushed out the other, or forever put down all opposition.

2. Mutual concessions must be made by one section towards the other, to keep alive a love of the whole country. If those of one section find it profitable to import camels and employ them in transportation, because the other section cannot realize the same, they should not quarrel with the former for doing so. The latter would take a very unwise course to enforce their views, by stealing away and concealing the camels of the former. Instead thereof, they would cultivate a much better state of feeling, by turning attention to their own true interests.

3. An equal share of the public honors and emoluments should be meted out to both sections. Should one section so far have the ascendancy as to control these, it would be suicidal in them—it would be ruinous to the country at large, to shut out the other section. It would be proclaiming and practicing the law which governs savages and wild beasts, "THAT MIGHT MAKES RIGHT." It would as surely cause disaffection, insubordination, and a breaking up of the old government ties, by those in the section thus excluded from the high places, as that they possessed chivalry and a desire to protect their own interests.

4. An equal share in the distribution of the common property, is a very essential incentive to strengthen the ties of different sections to the General Government. As it is apparent to all that the converse of this would at once put an end to all friendly feelings in the two sections, and of course lessen if not break up the affection of that section excluded from the public property, for the General Government, the truth of what we have been urging needs no further demonstration.

Let us make an application of the foregoing observations.

We have a country of a climate and soil superior to those of any government upon the globe. We have been highly favored of heaven, and have grown from poverty to great wealth; and have increased in numbers more rapidly than any other people. But alas! we are now a divided nation! Formerly the division of the people was into parties; now it is into sections. Formerly the party North advocated

the same principles as the same party South; now the North as a whole is advocating measures, obnoxious to the South as a whole. So essential and decided is the division, that there is a line, not imaginary but real, called Mason & Dixon's line—drawn between the two sections, and the people on one side are daily growing more hostile and more unanimous in their hostility to those on the other side. Should we not remember that the wisest, brightest, purest Being that ever walked this earth hath said: "A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND?"

The people on the north of that line of division are now in the ascendancy in point of numbers, and have everything their own way. They are united in their opposition to the Southern people, because the latter find slave-labor profitable, and believe it to be right constitutionally and scripturally. They have become so bitter and hostile in their opposition to the South for employing slave-labor, which makes the raw-material that keeps their factories and work-shops going, and which thereby furnishes a living and the means of wealth to thousands upon thousands of those who else would have no food nor raiment, that they have broken down and trampled upon the solemn compact of the Constitution in many State Legislatures, and every where rendered its guarantees to the South a nullity. They have determined to shut out the talent of the South from the high offices in the Government, by electing a President and Vice-President from their own section. They are determined the Southern half of the Republic shall not have an equal share in the common property.

It is true there are a few noble and conservative men at the North, but they have no power. They are too small a minority to stand against the overwhelming numbers that oppose them.

The foregoing observations may be considered by some tinged with Southern partiality. But a Northern man who reads aright the current history of this Government, is forced to entertain the same views.

The suggestion of the proper remedies, to bring the aggressive section to their senses, we fain would leave to the sober verdict of the people.

ITEMS OF CURRENT HISTORY.

The direful deeds of the Syrian massacres are still smelling to heaven for vengeance. A Syrian correspondent writes:

"That more than ten thousand human bodies still lie upon the sides of Mount Hermon, in full view from the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean, upon the plains of Sidon, the ancient Phœnicia, blackening in the sun; and their blood still cries out to heaven for vengeance. It is an Oriental custom to leave the murdered dead unburied until justice has been satisfied, and although in Syria the effect of the climate upon a dead body requires its burial within twenty-four hours of the departure of the spirit from its earthly tenement, these bodies have remained unburied in a complete state of preservation! in the court-yards of the palaces, in the barracks, and wherever the Christian has fallen, there lies the body now, still awaiting the vengeance of heaven upon the oppressors and slayers of the Christians of Mount Lebanon."

"It is stated that, since the departure of Fuad Pacha from Syria, the Mussulmen had recommenced their massacres, and killed twenty Christians. The Mussulmen were furious against the Christians, and had threatened the life of the Russian Consul."

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

It is currently reported that Garibaldi would be constituted Prince and General after the annexation of Naples to Sardinia. It is said he entered Capua on the 22d of Oct. Later accounts say that Capua was attacked on the 1st of Nov., and capitulated on the 2d. The troops were to leave with the honors of war, and go to Naples on the 3d. There was great rejoicing in Naples.

It was reported that Austria had proposed measures to France for a pacific solution of the Italian question. The Pope is in a great strait. His friends in Spain had collected and sent him the sum of 2,000 reals.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The quadrennial election for President and Vice-President of the United States was held throughout the country on Tuesday, the 6th of Nov. It was generally very quiet and peaceable. It resulted in the election of the Northern sectional candidates of the Republican or rather anti-Southern rights party—Lincoln, of Ill., and Hamlin, of Maine. The vote polled was larger than ever before. The overwhelming majorities for Lincoln in the Northern States was perfectly astounding to conservative men in the South, and served more than anything that has yet transpired to weaken their attachment for the Federal Union, and shake their confidence in its perpetuity. The noble little State of New Jersey was the only Northern State that made a stand against the Republicans. True there were many Union-loving and conservative men in many other Northern States, who nobly endeavored to "stem the tide." But it was too strong for them to withstand. In New York city they numbered 60,000; and they will ever have the gratitude of all who *loved* the Union, that Jackson,

Clay and Webster loved and defended. The overwhelming and almost unanimous vote of the Northern anti-Southern rights party has caused great disaffection in the South. The State of South Carolina has made a secession movement. The following is a portion of the message of her Governor, W. H. Gist, transmitted to the Senate and House of Representatives, on the 5th Nov., 1860:

"My own opinions of what the Convention should do are of little moment; but believing that the time has arrived when every one, however humble he may be, should express his opinions in unmistakable language, I am constrained to say that the only alternative left, in my judgment, is the secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union. The State has, with great unanimity, declared that she has the right, peaceably, to secede, and no power on earth can rightfully prevent it.

If in the exercise of arbitrary power and forgetful of the lessons of history, the Government of the United States should attempt coercion, it will become our solemn duty to meet force by force; and whatever may be the decision of the Convention, representing the sovereignty of the State, and amenable to no earthly tribunal, it shall, during the remainder of my administration, be carried out to the letter, regardless of any hazards that may surround its execution. I would also respectfully recommend a thorough re-organization of the Militia, so as to place the whole military force of the State in a position to be used at the shortest notice, and with the greatest efficiency. Every man in the State, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, should be well armed with the most efficient weapons of modern warfare, and all the available means of the State used for that purpose.

In addition to this general preparation, I would also recommend that the services of ten thousand volunteers be immediately accepted; that they be organized and drilled by officers chosen by themselves, and hold themselves in readiness to be called on upon the shortest notice. With this preparation for defense, and with all the hallowed memories of past achievements, with our love of liberty and hatred of tyranny, and with the knowledge that we are contending for the safety of our homes and firesides, we can confidently appeal to the Disposer of all human events, and safely trust our cause to His keeping."

Georgia seems to sympathise with the movement of South Carolina. But A. H. Stephens and Herschel V. Johnson have been reported as making Union speeches. It is said that Virginia is not favorable to the action of South Carolina, though she declares no Federal army can pass through her territory to coerce South Carolina. Many of the border States are for standing by the Union as it is. Judge McGrath of the U. S. District Court of South Carolina had resigned, as well as many others holding office under the General Government. The following is among the latest intelligence:

"CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 13.—The largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in this city, assembled last night, to ratify the call made by the Legislature for a State Convention. The galleries were crowded with ladies. Speeches were made by Judge McGrath, the presiding officer, and others. When one speaker declared the Union dissolved, the enthusiasm was perfectly wild.

Outside meetings were addressed by prominent merchants, all declaring their readiness to sacrifice all for the maintenance of the honor of South Carolina. There is no longer doubt but that South Carolina will secede."

The large and magnificent steamer H. R. W. HILL, of the Memphis and New Orleans packet line, exploded on Wednesday night the 31st of October, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, at College Point, fifty miles above New Orleans, killing about 36 persons. When will the American people learn to be more careful of human life? This disaster follows in quick succession that of the Lady Elgin on Lake Michigan.

TO OUR READERS.

THE present number finishes Volume III of "The Aurora." The year has been one of trial and disaster to its publishers. In May almost every thing belonging to the office, except the subscription books, was destroyed by fire, and the Magazine was suspended for a few months. But it arose from its ashes as many and many of its readers have assured us, more attractive than ever before. In consequence of its suspension, some old subscribers have ordered it discontinued. But we are happy to state that for every discontinuance, we have received two new subscribers, whilst many of the old ones have renewed and nobly come to our aid in the hour of need. To these we shall ever feel profoundly grateful, as well as to many good and true friends in every one of the Southern States who have sent us one or more subscribers. For the merits of the Magazine we give all the credit to our liberal minded, generous hearted contributors. And if we had the circulation to justify the expense, we would joyfully add Engravings and Embellishments. Shall we not have that circulation, kind readers? Will not each of you get us up and forward one or more new subscribers between now and the beginning of 1861? Will you not aid us in supplying a Literary Ladies' Book worthy of our native South? We know that every one has influence. We believe you cannot exert that influence in a better cause than in helping to build up a *refined and high toned Literary Magazine and Ladies' Book* at home. Is it not much better for us as a people thus to use your influence and money, than to spend them in helping to build up the North, which will enable them the more effectually to carry out their almost unanimous determination forever to keep down our God-blessed portion of the Republic? Wishing you all success, and happiness for time and eternity, we close the Third Volume of "The Aurora."